

What Do You Think of Prohibition?

See Page 884

10¢ Leslie's Weekly 10¢

DECEMBER 24, 1921

"News That Makes Us Think"

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G. Stephenson-1921

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"Hey, fellows!"

Painted by J. G. STEPHENSON

Samuel Hopkins Adams

THIS noted author, magazine writer and student of American affairs, is engaged in a careful survey of business conditions in the United States which forms the basis for a new, illuminating series of articles in **LESLIE'S WEEKLY**, beginning in next week's issue—*December 31*.

This series is entitled: "BUCK UP, BUSINESS!" It will embody the conclusions reached by Mr. Adams as a result of his exhaustive analysis of various representative lines of trade.

Mr. Adams has found sound reasons for optimism regarding the business outlook in the United States. This in itself is a message of profound importance to everyone who is concerned in the return of prosperity. For Mr. Adams is probably the last man in America to let mere enthusiasm disturb his footing. His first article, which will appear in **LESLIE'S** for December 31, is entitled: "THE STAGE IS SET FOR BETTER THINGS."

This issue of December 31 will be the New Year's Number of **LESLIE'S WEEKLY** and will be tuned to the keynote of optimism sounded in Mr. Adams's article. For instance, Mr. Francis H. Sisson, Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, has contributed an inspiring creed for everyone who wants to hasten the return of good times. It is called: "*Smile and the World Trades With You*," and it is worth cutting out and framing as a recipe for modern-day prosperity.

Besides, **LESLIE'S** for December 31 will be packed full of a wide variety of other notable articles and pictures that will *interest and entertain you*. Remember: It has returned to its pre-war price. Now—**TO-DAY**—you can buy

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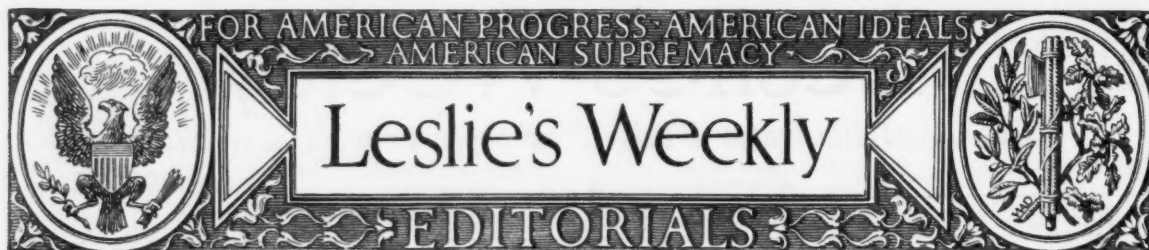
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DRAWN BY WALTER DE MARIN

"Who Says I'm Sick of War!"

This is the picture of Europe reflected in the article by Guglielmo Ferrero on page 869.



Christmas, 1921

THE same old Christmas.

How often it has come around—nineteen hundred and twenty-one times, to be exact—and quite a number of times in our own memory. Many of us, more or less calloused by experience, are apt to tie up the pink ribbons, reach down for a few last dollars, grumble at the Santa Claus business, and let it go at that.

But Christmas, 1921! Think of the valley behind. The United States has weathered two years of war, followed by profound economic unsettlement. Today, from almost all parts of the country come reports of business confidence and trust based on unmistakable facts and figures. The world at large, for four dreadful years stretched on the rack of international agony, with nerve and soul unstrung, is still struggling upward through commercial disintegration, through revolution and starvation. But now, from statesmen's agreements evolving in America and in Europe—evolving because world opinion willed that they must—the least that can be definitely hoped for is a certain measure of international understanding which shall remove from mankind a part of the intolerable commercial and economic pressure of distrust.

Summer gives way to autumn; autumn to dreary winter; the longest day of the year swings round; the very earth seems dead. Suddenly a silver streak appears in the East. It grows longer than we have ever seen it. Snow is whiter; ribbons are redder; sleigh bells tinkle more loudly; the green tree shimmers more brightly; the same old Santa Claus bursts in upon us; and, because he sees more than a fighting chance for the old world, puts on a brighter and merrier face than he has ever conjured up before.

As Tiny Tim would say: "Was there ever SUCH a Christmas!"

Making Farming Attractive

UNDER the title, "Where They Plant and Grow Farmers," we told in *LESLIE'S* for December 3 the story of California's experiment in State-assisted pioneering—how the State buys land, divides it into farms and then re-sells the farms to individual settlers on long-term payments, with a resident Superintendent to assist and advise the new farmers, and frequent talks and suggestions from State experts.

The California experiment has attracted much attention and it is satisfying to record that in at least one other State a similar project is being undertaken with private capital. A Farm Cities Corporation has been organized for the purpose of developing an agreeable rural community in one of the Southern States. The public-spirited people behind it expect to divide some 10,000 acres into small tracts, sell these to farmers who have demonstrated their thrift, lay out and develop

a social center, and eventually get their investment back plus only a fair rate of interest.

There will be more and more of this sort of intelligently-planned small-farm development, for people are beginning to wake up to the fact that the time is past when the community can afford to continue the *laissez-faire* methods of the past, and simply turn inexperienced pioneers without capital loose in new country to fall victims to speculators, or perhaps to fail in their attempt.

Historic Names

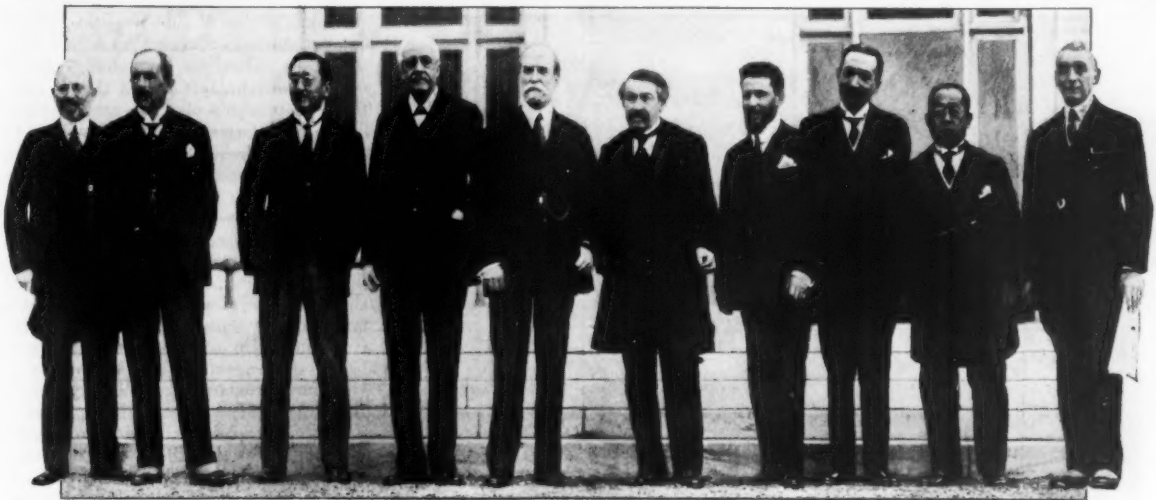
THE unsavory advertising of our historic names, such as Grover Cleveland tied to the Bergdoll treason, and Roscoe Conkling linked with the Arbuckle case, has aroused several civic societies to demand that something be done about it. Nothing can be done. We can neither spike them down in museums nor copyright them.

In a democracy no saint is responsible for the unsaintly conduct of his name after it is carved on his tomb. Paternal pride does well to exaggerate its offspring and keep the great names going. The custom is patriotic and freshens the remembrance of some heroic exploit. Little Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus is christened in the hope that he will be found waiting at the plow. That he is waiting so often for trial is the fault of history, which declines to repeat itself.

Taxes and Temper

REDUCED taxes are what the American people expect, and will get, as a result of the Arms Parley. But let us look ahead. International understanding is the thing that makes a naval *status quo* safe and possible. We are beginning to understand a lot about Japan, or at least about the attitude of the Japanese public toward the United States policies here and in the Far East. Mr. Adachi Kinnosuke's article in a recent issue of *LESLIE'S* is a good example. Japanese correspondents and publicists are cleverly selling their country to America. The Administration finds no harm in that; nor does it find harm in the fact that scores of Japanese delegates, secretaries and business leaders are entertaining and being entertained—particularly in Washington, where good will is dripping about as thick as a London fog.

In view of all this, how about a little propaganda blowing from West to East? We can't be quite as bad as the Nipponese believe; and if, as the President would say, there is to be "a meeting of minds," it is clear that both minds must be expressed. Uncle Sam has a mind of his own. Why not tell it to the man-in-the-street in Tokio? How about an American mission to Japan after the Conference? At least, it might serve to remove some of the suspicion of American motives which the Japanese Genro, or elders, are said to be sowing in the minds of the average Japanese citizen.



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World peace rests in the hands of these international leaders at the Arms Conference in Washington. A remarkable group of the chief delegates at the momentous parley. From left to right, they are: John W. Garrett, Secretary General of the Conference; H. A. Van Karnebeek, Nether-

lands; Dr. Alfred S. Sze, Chinese Minister; Lord Arthur Balfour, Great Britain; Secretary of State Hughes; Premier Aristide Briand, France; Carl Schanzer, Italy; Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, Belgium; Prince Iyesato Tokugawa, Japan, and Viscount D'Alte, Portugal.

THE WORLD WAR IS STILL GOING ON

By GUGLIELMO FERRERO

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—Signor Ferrero is not only the most noted historian of Italy, but is famous on both sides of the Atlantic as a student and analyst of world affairs. His point of view toward the Washington Conference, therefore, is worthy of great respect whether or not we agree with him.)

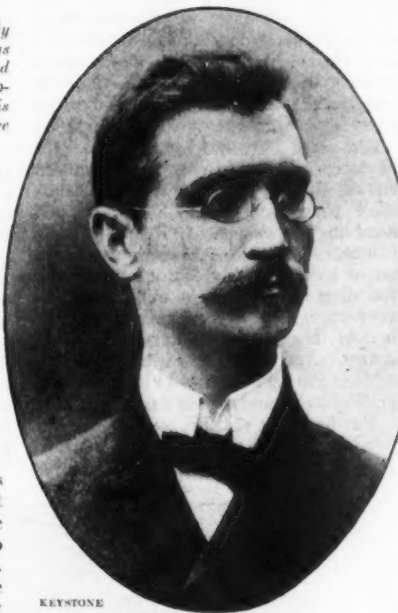
WHATEVER be the outcome of the question of the Pacific at Washington, Europe has little to hope for from the Conference. For Europe it is not a question of "disarmament," but of "pacification." We cannot arrive at peace through disarmament; we arrive at disarmament through peace. Can the Washington Conference do something the Paris Conference failed to accomplish? Can it pacify Europe?

There is room for the gravest doubt on this all-important point. Any decisions reached at Washington will be as ineffective as the decisions reached at Paris—"scraps of paper"—unless we obtain the consent of the vanquished to them. It takes two to make a bargain. It takes two to make peace. And the conquered peoples of Europe are to-day carrying on the World War under the cloak of an insecure peace. Why have all the victorious nations been dissatisfied with their victory? Because they insist on regarding the war as finished; whereas, in point of fact, the war is still going on in a fragile "armistice," a breathing space, wherein victors and vanquished are trying to deceive each other and themselves to such an extent that Europe no longer knows where she stands.

Let us glance at the situation obtaining at present on this side of the water.

The various peace treaties provided that the conquered enemies should hand over their arms. Have they done so?

Turkey transferred her weapons to the revolutionary government in Angora, and the latter is using them to demolish



KEYSTONE

Guglielmo Ferrero, the famous Italian historian.

the Treaty of Sèvres before that document has even been put into force. The World War is still raging in the Near East; and the Allies can do nothing to bring it to an end—except by giving friendly advice that no one heeds. England prodded the Greeks to go in and settle things—a Colossus appealing for succor to a refractory child. But quite in vain, as the event proves. Half of Asia Minor has been devastated. Greece will not recover for a full fifty years. From her the best we can hope is that, in despair or in a spirit of vengeance, she will not provoke some more disastrous crisis still. The Near East is in a state of anarchy, and will

remain so for a long time to come. It is the irony of a capricious fate that after the gigantic armies of the Germanic coalition have been routed and scattered to the four winds, a small force of Turkish stragglers is doggedly holding its own in the fastnesses of unconquerable Asia.

The situation in Bulgaria is a shade better. There, at least, we find a party disposed to recognize the justice of the Entente demands, and to pay some attention to the requests and orders it receives. But Bulgaria is a pretty small catch on the whole—not large enough for Entente diplomacy to crow over. What does Bulgaria count for in the world problem as a whole? The trend of things in Hungary we have just been able to see. Hungary has not disarmed by so much as a pen-knife. She has stood her weapons in a corner, just out of sight; so that the inspectors of the Entente may perform their perfunctory rounds and report with technical honesty that they have seen nothing. Whose fault is all this? Italy points a finger of reproach at France, France at England, England at Italy. "You're to blame!" In reality none but Geography is to blame—unless it be those who thought that Geography was the handmaiden of Victory. Hungary is to-day doing just exactly as she pleases; because, two years after the Armistice, the Great Powers of the Entente have no way of making her do otherwise. Lacking is that contiguity of frontiers which enables a great state to bulldoze a smaller and weaker one. The new countries encircling, and isolating, Hungary have not seen fit to take a hand in Hungarian affairs; because they have a hundred other things to do, and because it may well be that the task exceeds their resources. They have stopped at the organization of the Little Entente—a gesture that is sooner executed and in-



KADEL & HEMBERT

A view along the fighting front in Asia Minor, showing a bridge of the Sagharias River destroyed by the Turkish forces.

volves much slighter risks. Hungary has not disarmed and will not disarm; nor will she pay the war indemnity. And since, furthermore, her territory has been capriciously mutilated with manifest disregard of popular will and preference, she stands there on the watch, eagerly awaiting her opportunity. Emperor Charles of Hapsburg was wrong in only one respect: he was in too great a hurry. The country itself is exhausted, without leadership, at war with itself. But a year hence, let us say! A year hence, she may have recovered in a measure, have found a government, and an opportunity. Then she will start a war, unless the Little Entente, applying the German doctrine of the defensive-offensive, start one first.

And we come to Germany. Germany, with Austria, is the only one of the vanquished nations that has really disarmed—under pressure from the French who have insisted, from a contiguous frontier, on the execution of this term in the Treaty. So Germany, without executing the letter of the Treaty, has nevertheless handed over the guns which were once the terror of the world. In her present state she is not in a position to threaten anybody. But is that good reason for confidence? Can we say that the "German peril" is a thing of the past? That because her enemy is now helpless France can lay aside the exhausting military burden that is all but crushing her to the ground?

By no means! If anything, the opposite is the case. Precisely because they have disarmed Germany, France and Belgium are compelled to keep nearly a million men under arms. This is the incredible paradox into which Europe has blindly stumbled as into a snare.

I have already said many

times, and will now say once more, this simple truth which is the key to all the disorder of the present in Europe. The Treaty of Versailles by its clauses of disarmament and reparation established over Germany a collective protectorate of Italy, England and France. Now to imagine that a nation which, but seven years ago, was the greatest power on earth, will voluntarily become the Morocco of three powers, discordant among themselves and each weaker by itself than she is, is to live with one's head in the clouds. Germany will, of course, submit to this protectorate only so far as she is forcibly compelled to. She has disarmed because a million soldiers were stationed on her frontiers ready to invade her territory at a moment's notice. And so long as those million soldiers are there, she will obey, but with grating teeth, and stifling a bellow of rage.

But how long will France and Belgium be able to keep a million soldiers in arms? France has an enormous debt already.

From the day of the Armistice, a new combat started between France and Germany, a bloodless, noiseless, almost motionless fight, but a fight that is none the less grim, implacable and terrible. There is in Germany a party willing to execute the Treaty "so far as is humanly possible"—as the leaders of that party say. But why is this party unable to reassure France—it is now in power with Wirth at the head? Why is it that, in France, public opinion refuses to calm down whether the German Government shows a disposition to execute the Treaty or to evade doing so? Obviously, because such disposition—a weak and vacillating disposition at best—as exists in Germany to comply with Treaty obligations, derives from the imminent threat of those million soldiers. And to execute the Treaty fifty years will be required—at a very conservative estimate. Who can imagine for a moment that France, exhausted by the war, overlaid with debts, can undertake such a Herculean task for fifty years? Germany did not have such a job as that on her hands, after 1870, in securing the enforcement of the Treaty of Frankfurt. And yet she broke down after forty-four years—hurled into a new war by her own very effort. The execution of the Treaty is, from the German standpoint, a kind of passive resistance which puts France to a sterner trial than open revolt would entail.

Here is the tragic crux of the problem for France. That army of a million men with which France and Belgium are to-day holding Germany to her obligations cannot stand around indefinitely watching an enemy whose attitude is one of passive resistance. Any more than, under better conditions, the huge armies of Germany, victorious in 1870, were able to idle along, upholding, indefinitely, the Treaty of Frankfurt. If things are allowed to go on in this way only two alternatives present themselves to Europe. Either the superhuman effort required for maintaining such an enormous force—and meantime to pay her debts—will lead to an internal collapse in France. Or else this huge army, impelled by its own mass, as it were, will break loose like an avalanche

(Concluded on page 898)



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An imperialistic coup that failed. Oszteng's battalion of troops swearing allegiance to former Emperor Karl when he recently tried and failed to regain his throne in Hungary.

"We were conducted through that basement, picking our way in the semi-darkness and stepping over the outstretched legs of the men who lay on newspapers spread upon the floor."

"A blackhead (an apparently blind old woman) who bends over a wheezy hand organ on the curb-stone."



The Modern Mendicant

II. Big Money in Sidewalk Graft To-day

By Theodore Waters

Illustrations by Clive Weed

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—In a preceding article Mr. Waters called attention to the great number of sidewalk grafters who throng the public streets. He also detailed his adventures among professional beggars who in the old days infested the Bowery. This article tells how he set out to renew his acquaintance with the old-time beggar and what came of it.)

IN THE old days the Bowery was the grand thoroughfare of the nether-world. It was famous even in song as the place where "they said such things and they did such things" as to make it advisable to "never go there any more." Its high spots ranged from Suicide Hall on the north to Chinatown on the south. In between it was a seething succession of saloons and cheap lodging houses and the vice and misery that went with them.

Every known crime on the calendar had been committed under the shadow of the L-road which then hung directly over the sidewalks and gave the pedestrian the impression, particularly at night, of walking in an arcade of tinselled wretchedness. That was the Bowery as I first knew it. But later the authorities, or some other animating force said, Let there be light. So the suicide and the murder joints were closed up, the lodging houses renovated, the Tong wars of Mott and Pell streets

suppressed and the L structure moved into the middle of the street. And, lo! there was light.

With the letting in of the sunshine, the old Bowery passed. The street became more or less respectable. The merchants along its route even agitated the changing of its name to Lower Fourth Avenue. The only remaining high lights are those which are supported as show-places in the interest of the rubber-neck wagons. Even the old Mott Street Joss House, or "Chinee Church," as one rubber-neck announcer calls it, seems to derive its chief support at fifty cents a throw from the out-of-town sight-seers. The tramp panhandler is less obvious and even the girls on the street seem different. In the old days they seemed older and stouter, whereas to-day they seem younger and slimmer, even though you suspect them to be the same old girls.

But to the old-timer the former impression persists in remaining. It remained with me on the night recently when I went down to pick up the threads of my beggar experience aforetime. I rode in on the main deck of a rubber-neck wagon and listened to an uninspiring harangue about glories (?) that have passed. This place was once Suicide Hall. That place was where Elsie Siegel was

murdered. Under this structure was once an opium den "run by Bridgie Weber of Rosenthal murder notoriety."

There seemed to be very little that was of the present day. We actually visited but two places, the above-mentioned Joss House and the Doyers Street Mission, formerly the Chinese Theater, where the down-and-outs of the quarter are regaled nightly with exhortations meant for the saving of their souls and in payment for listening to which they are allowed afterward to sleep the night out on the bare floor of the basement where Bridgie Weber's opium den used to be. If you don't believe it, they will show you the notches in the walls to which the bunks of the Chinks were once attached, and the now walled-up tunnels that provided the four getaways in case of police raids. We were conducted through that basement, picking our way in the semi-darkness, and stepping over the outstretched legs of the men who lay on newspapers spread upon the floor. On the way out we were asked to and did contribute to a begging basket shaken under our noses as we passed out of the door. Many loads of sight-seeing people pass that way every night.

But these obviously were not the haunts of the modern beggar. So I deserted the crowd when it started uptown again and

strolled up the Bowery to find the old saloon backroom where I was initiated under the protection of a shuper of beer. It was gone, driven out by prohibition, and its place taken by a cheap haberdashery shop. So was another place farther up which used to be the haunt of fake Navy sailors whose ship had just sailed without them and who asked a small contribution, me lads, so that they might be enabled to join it again at Newport News or some other port of call. Gone, also, were other places I once knew so well.

But where were they? Beggars filled the streets all over town. They must hang out somewhere. I was pondering this problem when I met an acquaintance of the old days. He had been more of a hanger-on than an adept, but he knew the game. During the years that had passed he had descended into Chinatown and become a Lobbygow, making his living in devious ways among the inhabitants of the quarter. Moreover, he remembered me when I referred to the old days.

"Sure. I knows you," he said. "You was the Philly Kid. Met you in Chi Joe's place. It's closed now. Where have you been all the time?"

I told him that I had been abroad, which was true, for I had been in Europe and the Near East for the American Red Cross and had learned much of the begging art as it is practiced in those parts.

"I see," he replied easily. "Workin' the grift in those furrin countries, hey? You is wise. 'Tisn't the same here any more. Too many at it."

"But where do they hang out now?" I queried.

"Everywhere. All over the town. You know how it is. When the bulls raids a red-light district the girls scatters all over town and hides themselves among the flat houses. The old crowd down here got chased out. Some went to other towns, some's dead, too. Lots of them have new kinds of grifts. But most of them you see these days are new ones that's come around since the war. And the grift they pull off! Say, the old gang was pikers longside the new bunch. Why there's a guy workin' the platform up at the Grand Central, you know, where it says, 'Follow the Black Line?' He's a crawler, lost his legs in a railroad smashup or somethin'. They tell me he draws down sometimes \$50 a day. He's got a set of false legs. Lives out of town. Comes in every day and checks his legs in the station and goes downstairs to work. Kin you beat it?"

I could not. Nor could I beat some of the other stories he told me after I had invited him to a nearby Chinese restaurant where he grew voluble over a dish of chow. His story of the legless man in the Grand Central I afterward verified through the New York Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men. They told me there that the man had applied to them for a pair of artificial legs on the plea that he wanted to give up the life of a mendicant. The legs were made for him at half cost and he paid the price, \$75, mostly in half dollars, quarters, dimes and nickels which obviously had been collected from the public. When they fitted the legs to

him he stood, a fine specimen of a broad-shouldered man, six feet high, and walked out vowing that he would seek work and go in for the respectable life. Later, however, he was found working the old Black Line and when taken to task for it declared he had obtained a regular job, but could not make enough at it.

"Nothing doing," he said. "I've got a family to support and I'm educating my daughter. Costs money to do that. What can I make at a job. Here I've made as much as \$200 in a week. What would you do if you were in my place?"

And there it rested for at last accounts he was still at it.

"What became of



There are fake Navy sailors whose ships have, invariably, sailed without them and who generally want enough to permit them to reach Newport News or some other remote place.

Choker Vernie?" I asked the Lobbygow.

"Oh, the guy that used to make out he was a priest?" he replied. "Don't know where he is now. Worked that grift for years and made thousands out of it. And then one day he goes down into Trenton with his old choker collar and a plaid suit of clothes on. Must've been soused. Looked like a mixup of a preacher and a race-track tout. He calls on a real priest, makin' out he's a college student out of luck. The priest wouldn't stand for it and called in a bull. Ain't heard of Choker since."

He told me also a humorous tale of a blackhood (an apparently blind old woman who bends over a wheezy hand organ on the curbstone).

"There was a bull named Callahan sneaked up and drops two pennies on the sidewalk behind her back. Then he walks off, but he keeps his eye on her. When she thinks he's gone she reaches around and cops the pennies. Then he cops her. She made an awful holler in the court. She says: 'If this is justice, I can't see it.' But they fined her all right."

"Aw, she could stand it. Ain't she the one that goes up to Martin Eagan who's the Station Master of the Pennsy Depot at Thirty-third Street and says she's starving to death. He falls for it and sends for a handout. While she's eatin'

it she drops her handbag. It opens up and out comes a roll of cash. Thirteen hundred dollars there was in the roll and it scatters around on the floor. The guys what's there helps her pick it up. She counts it right in front of them and then makes a big holler. Says it's five dollar short. But she didn't get away with it."

"Say, Philly," said the Lobbygow thoughtfully after a while. "If I put you wise to a good grift will you split fifty-fifty?"

Anxious to find out what he had in mind, I assured him that if I accepted his proposition I would certainly give him half. He resumed eagerly.

"It's this way: There's nothin' in the old-fashioned stuff, unless you got a bum leg or a crooked jaw or somethin'. You gotta go in for somethin' new. High-class stuff is what you want. And this is classy. You're just the one to work it, 'cause you got the education. Say we goes up to one of these joints where they ain't got nothin' but money to hand out to guys out of luck. And you takes me in with you and leaves me in the hallway while you goes into the private office and tells them that you has just met up with me on the street and how we used to be buddies back in the old town where we comes from, and how you've learned that I've lost all the money I used to have and hated to tell you about it, but you suspect I'm starving to death, only I don't like to mention it 'cause I've got tender feelin's, and you can't help me 'cause you're only got enough for your ownself, an' then you beats it out of the way. Then I'll go on in and collect the dough they'll give me and I'll meet you somewhere later. Say, we can

clean up on that. Think of the Bureaus and the Missions we can work. Why, we can even work the Charity Organization."

Working the Charity Organization Society was, I found, the Lobbygow's last word in humorous achievement. And I must say that from my personal point of view the proposition had its humorous side. But he was tremendously in earnest about it, nevertheless, evidently looking upon it as a suggestion that would lift him from the slough of Lobbygowism into what he regarded as a comparatively respectable existence. I placated him by saying I would think it over, but he was keen on not losing sight of me or it and anxiously demanded to know where I was "hitting the hay nowadays." I managed to get away at last, thanking him honestly enough for the pointers he had given me.

It was obvious then that the modern beggar has for the most part deserted his old haunts on the Bowery; that he has scattered over town and even to other cities where he works on his own. The old-time flopper and throwout, weezer and crawler and their crude psychology still exist, but on further investigation, I found that to their ranks has been added a vast horde of grafters whose methods, while still of the sidewalk, have enabled them to invade the world of the well-to-do, where they exact a yearly toll of society that would cause a respectable white-collar-man to give up in despair.

(This is the second of a series of articles on the wiles of the sidewalk grafter. Other articles will appear in succeeding numbers.)

"DISARMAMENT" IN INDUSTRY

Can Co-operation Between Capital and Labor Replace the Present State of War?

By ARTHUR RUHL

MR. B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE is a Yorkshireman, director of the English firm of Rowntree & Co., whose cocoa is about as well known in England as Lipton's tea, or Pears' soap, or Bovril. He employs some 7,000 workers. In addition to being a practical manufacturer, Mr. Rowntree is the author of several books on modern factory conditions and town life, and during the war he was called on by the British Government for active help and advice in the handling of various problems of housing and labor.

He has been visiting America for the first time, with the idea of studying our factory conditions and learning why—apart from natural advantages—American standards of living among factory workmen are better than those in England. (He grants that this is so, although he found that in our steel mills grown men with families sometimes received less than he pays eighteen-year-old girls in his own factory.) He investigated industries in Pittsburgh, Detroit, Rochester and New England, talked with Mr. Gary, Mr. Hoover and innumerable others—often groups of manufacturers and factory-managers—and he is going back to England with a general knowledge of American factory conditions possessed by few Americans themselves.

Mr. Rowntree finds that our manufacturers are more wide-awake, flexible, and, on the whole, better managers than the British manufacturers, but he also finds that the relations between capital and labor are a good deal behind those of England. Capital and labor here are still at war. They are at war in England, also—the number of days wasted because of strikes, last year in England, ran into the millions—but conditions as they exist here had been greatly modified in England before the war, and since the war have been changed even more.

"The demand of the workers to be given a greater say in determining their working condition," says Mr. Rowntree, "is stronger in Britain than here, and this may account for the different attitude taken by employers in the two countries toward labor unions. There are vast numbers of employers in England, and I am among them, who now recognize that it is an advantage to them for their workers to be organized in unions. They have found that their previous attitude, when they held the union at arms' length and treated it as an enemy force, was mistaken, and once they changed their



An intimate snapshot of Premier Lloyd George and Mr. B. Seebom Rowntree, wealthy manufacturer and expert on industrial conditions. The latter has been studying the situation in this country in order to better equip himself for the task of helping to make Capital and Labor work together in peace.

attitude and accepted the union as a normal part of industry, it changed its attitude. The fundamental right of labor to insist on collective bargaining is scarcely ever disputed now in Britain."

Mr. Rowntree feels that any sudden or violent change in the capitalistic system would be vastly more disastrous in England even than it has been in Russia, but he says that in England much more noticeably than here, there is open questioning of the old system. Not more than 5 per cent. of the British workmen could be called communists; the average workman does not demand violent changes provided the old system will give him what he thinks he ought to have, but he expects very definite improvements, nevertheless.

At the Kodak works in Rochester he found experts patiently making experiments which might not give results short of ten years from now. Mr. Hoover told him of improvements in another industry which had cut down waste more than 50 per cent. And he was impressed with the lack of thought given to solving the human problems of industry in comparison with the unlimited amount of time, money and intelligence that is devoted to improving technical processes.

His own program for substituting peace for war in industry, includes the following points:

- (1) Wages which will permit workers to live in reasonable comfort—that is to say, to marry and bring up a normal family.
- (2) Hours which will give them adequate opportunity for recreation and self-expression. These would be, as a rule, forty-eight hours per week.
- (3) Measures to increase materially the workman's economic security, especially with regard to unemployment.
- (4) A share in determining conditions under which laborers shall work.
- (5) A direct interest in the prosperity of the industry in which workmen are engaged.

While space is lacking here for any detailed explanation of this program, it may be said that Mr. Rowntree has largely put it into successful operation in his own factory, and that he has discussed it at length in various addresses and also in the *New York Evening Post*. No one question is more important, he thinks, than that of removing, so far as possible, the dread of unemployment. And that at least the acute dread of being thrown out of work may be removed, he believes entirely possible. He estimates

that over a period of years, perhaps 95 per cent. of the laborers have work and only about 5 per cent. are out of work. An addition of about 5 per cent., therefore, to the wage bill, would permit the payment to the unemployed of their full wages. Mr. Rowntree does not suggest that full wages should be paid, of course, for human nature being what it is, there would be no incentive to many to go back to work again; he gives these admittedly approximate figures merely to show the practicability of solving the problem by unemployment insurance, provided employers, workmen, with the possible co-operation of the State, really get together on it.

There will be all sorts of opinions, of course, of Mr. Rowntree's suggestions. They have been outlined in the briefest sort of way merely to call attention to a very interesting visitor and a visit that may be of wide significance.

A NOTABLE series of articles by Samuel Hopkins Adams entitled "Buck Up, Business!" will begin in next week's *LESLIE'S*. The first article, "The Stage Is Set for Better Things," sounds a keynote of optimism for American industry.



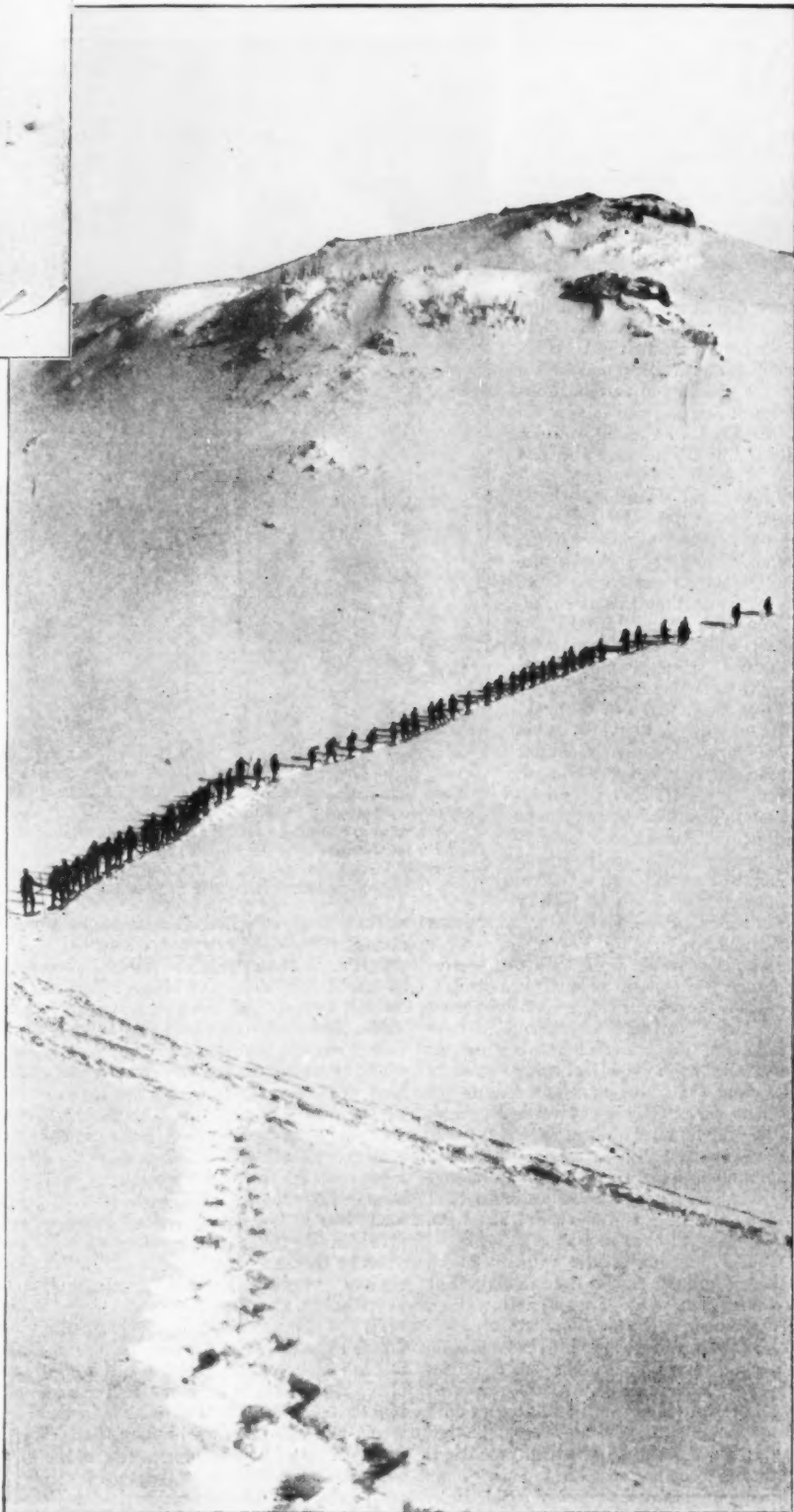
I. L. STEDMAN

One does not have to be an athlete in order to enjoy winter sports.

FROM Christmas to Washington's Birthday a multitude of men and women who would keep fit for work will answer the call of the snowy woods and hills and will gather for many a week-end of glorious winter sport. To be out of doors in winter is as necessary to a mountaineer as to roam far afield in summer. There are many outdoor organizations scattered over the country which offer their members weekly walks in spring and autumn, with an outing of two to four weeks in mid-summer. What is more natural than that they should provide holiday trips and at least a week's excursion in mid-winter to the mountains?

If we mention a few of the opportunities for enjoying winter sports which are offered, in various sections of the country, we will perhaps think first of that strenuous band of students which constitutes the Dartmouth Outing Club. For years they have held carnival among the New Hampshire hills. Numbering around a thousand members, the club has made the little town of Hanover famous as a center of winter sports where records are often broken. Perhaps the greatest public interest is shown in the ski-jumping contest where thousands gather to watch the contestants rushing downward over a 300-foot course. The club has built a chain of seven shelter cabins extending far toward Mount Washington, with over eighty miles of carefully marked trails. Every week-end and vacation finds parties pushing forward for long distances through the storms and finding new inspiration for their work at college. Once each winter a company of about fifty ski and snowshoe to the summit of Mount Washington or to other peaks in the range. Many professors belong to the club and soon after Christmas one of them gives instruction to beginners in ski-running, turning and jumping. At Dartmouth snowshoes are but little used, except for cross country work through

WINTER SPORTS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS



H. L. GLISAN

Mountaineers of Seattle and Tacoma ascending Mount Rainier to McClure's Rocks on New Year's Day. There are few more delightful winter paradises than the Mount Rainier National Park.

By LE ROY JEFFERS, F.R.G.S.
Secretary, Bureau Associated Mountaineering Clubs



GEORGE H. HARVEY, JR.
"How—oh, how—did it happen?"



BYRON HARMON

This ski artist can, if he so desires, complete his jump and a minute later take a swim in a hot spring. He is at Banff in the Canadian Rockies, a popular spot in the cold months.

heavy brush and for mountain climbing.

One of the most popular of the eastern centers for winter sport is at Lake Placid, in the Adirondacks. Here the Lake Placid Club has formed an organization called the Sno-birds, which arranges a daily program of considerable variety and interest. There are races and matches of all kinds for skaters and skiers, snowshoers and tobogganists. Hockey and curling on the ice are varied with straw rides and hare and hounds. Baseball may be played on skates or one may take part in a skijoring race. Competent teachers are ready to assist the beginners in all these sports. An international ski-jumping competition is held in February.

For many years the Appalachian Club of Boston has spent a week in the White Mountains in February. This winter four snowshoe excursions are offered to members, one to Vermont at the end of December, another to New Hampshire in January, and two to other points in New Hampshire in February. In addition to the usual sports, some of the climbers are skilled in the use of ice creepers or crampons, with which they scale the icy summits of the range, which would otherwise be inaccessible. Likewise the Field and Forest Club of Boston offers its members a winter trip to New Hampshire in February. During the holiday season this year, New York members of the Green Mountain Club of Vermont are spending a week amid their snow-bound heights. Northward across the State their long trail wanders over the mountain tops, with convenient shelters along the way, and by it they expect to reach the summit of Mount Mansfield, the highest of the range.

In the heart of the Rocky Mountains, with 14,000-foot peaks around them, the Colorado Mountain Club has its famous winter outing in February. Amid the firs at Fern Lodge in Rocky Mountain National Park there is buoyant good cheer, while the soft white snow streams forth in banners from the peaks above. Some of the party usually attempt to reach the summit of Flattop, 12,364 feet, but they seldom succeed as the climb is very steep and the weather very uncertain. Winter

(Concluded on page 898)

WHEN THE ETHER SPEAKS

By WILLIAM H. EASTON, Ph.D.



"I WANT to use the radiophone to-night," said father at dinner. "Senator Harrison is going to make an important speech on finance in Washington and I am anxious to hear what he says."

"Do you think he will be through by half-past nine?" asked mother. "The opera to-night is 'Tristan' and I would like to hear the second act."

Here Bobby set up a wail. "I want to hear the bear story!—I want to hear the bear story!"

"Of course you can hear it," soothed mother. "It starts right after dinner."

So after Bobby had heard the further adventures of Baldy, the Bear, as told by the talented little lady in Boston, father set the dial of the radiophone to "Washington Senate" and sat listening to the debate on which the interest of business America was for the moment centered.

Hardly had the fall of the Vice-President's gavel sounded, when mother appeared, after disposing of Bobby for the night.

"Are you finished, dear?" she asked. Father nodded, and she turned the dial to "Metropolitan Opera, New York." Instantly the throbbing, sobbing, tragic, glorious strains of the incomparable "Tristan" duet filled the room.

All this sounds highly imaginative, which of course it is. But here is an extract from the Montgomery, Ala., *Journal* for July 24, 1921, which is not:

"Recently while spending a few days in one of the small mining towns of western Alabama the writer was entertained by a wireless demonstration. The electrician for the operating corporation has built a com-

Frida Stjerna, soprano, singing to a vast audience in an area of 200,000 square miles. Frank L. Sealey, of the New York Symphony Orchestra, is at the organette, the accompanying music of which was heard almost as well as though the auditors had been present.



Reporting a tennis match by radiophone. The championship football games this fall were followed play by play by thousands all over America—thanks to the use of wireless.

with suitable receiving apparatus and located within the sending radius of the station (which varies from 50 to 5,000 miles, depending on conditions) can intercept these waves and hear the sounds with perfect distinctness. And if a sound

amplifier is attached to the receiving instrument, the sounds can be so magnified as to be heard clearly throughout a room or a hall.

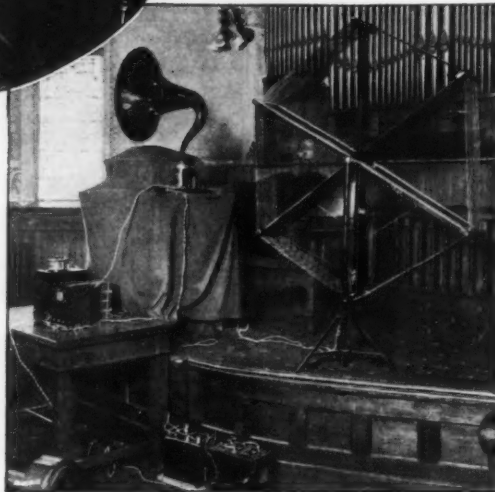
Here is something new in the world, and something that possesses possibilities of instruction and entertainment that surpass anything that civilization has yet developed.

Imagine, if you will, a little radiophone receiver in your living room or office, with a dial on which is engraved such a list as this:

General News
Financial News
Weather Reports
Crop Reports
Ship Movements
Sporting News
Songs and Stories for Children
Vaudeville selections
Light Opera
Classical Concerts
Grand Opera
Church Services
Special events

Washington, D. C. { **House of Rep.**
 { **Senate**
 { **General Political**

Set the dial to "General News," and you will hear at stated intervals, say on the hour, a series of bulletins from a central news agency giving a résumé of the latest news of the day. Set it to "Washington, Senate," and you will hear everything that is being said within that chamber. Set it, at the proper time, to "Church Services," and you will hear the solemn notes of the organ, the voices of the choir, and the words of the preacher. Set it to "Special Events," and you will hear the incoming President's inaugural address, or the returns of an election, or a lecture by a famous scientist, or whatever



PHOTOS COURTESY WESTINGHOUSE CO.

The Herron Avenue Church, Pittsburgh, being temporarily without a pastor, set up a radiophone receiving set, and the congregation was able to follow every detail of the services of the Calvary Church, Pittsburgh, which are regularly broadcasted by radiophone every Sunday night. The six-armed affair in front of the organ, shown here, carries the "antenna" wire, which catches the radio waves from the ether and transmits them to the receiving set on the table.

plete wireless set and spends most of his evenings sitting down in his home with an ordinary telephone receiver attached to his wireless instrument listening to musical concerts of the Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. at East Pittsburgh, Pa. The musical sounds are almost perfect and the human voice seems to lose nothing by its long flash through space of nearly a thousand miles."

The radio (or wireless) telephone has, therefore, been perfected. Powerful radio stations can now receive sounds of any character by telephone from distant points and send them out in the form of electrical waves. These waves go out in every direction, and anyone provided

else is of national interest at the time.

There is nothing chimerical whatever about all this. In part, at least, it is here to-day.

On the day that this was written, an owner of a radio receiver anywhere within the radius of 100 miles of Newark, N. J., could have heard the following program:

Every hour from 11 A.M. to 6 P. M., on the hour, the latest news.

2.05 P.M. Marine news.
10.55 A.M. 3.55 and 10.03 P.M. weather forecast.
7.00 P.M. Fairy story for children.
8.00 P.M. Digest of day's news.
8.20 P.M. Concert by Signor Fausto Cavallini, tenor, of the Scotti Opera Co.
10.00 P.M. Official government time.

Similar programs have been broadcasted daily for weeks; and, incidentally, they have been heard in Nova Scotia, Wisconsin, Florida, and 600 miles out at sea.

Of special public interest were the bulletins sent out during the championship football games. An expert sporting writer, seated in the grandstand, described every play and every move of the ball over a telephone line connected directly with the Newark station. Five seconds later, the bulletins were in the ether, and it was possible for listeners in Tennessee or Toronto to know that a runner had started for the goal line before he was tackled.

Other cities are also centers of radio-telephone activities. At Pittsburgh, Pa., a station has been in daily operation for over a year; a station was opened in Springfield, Mass., last summer; while at Chicago the opera has been broadcasted during the entire present season.

This is not a service exclusively for experts, millionaires, or those who are fortunately situated. The receiving sets can be operated as easily as a phonograph; they can be sold for less than \$100, or made at small cost by any ingenious boy; and they can be installed as readily in the wilderness as on Broadway. Attractive and useful as such a service is to the average city dweller, what must it mean to the farmer, the invalid, and all others who must lead isolated lives?

Doubtless, it does seem incredible that the voice of a singer in Newark, N. J., could be clearly heard in Miami, Fla., without the aid of intervening wires, yet after all the wireless telephone is no more mysterious than the most common of every-day occurrences. You speak; your voice travels through the air by means of invisible waves to neighboring ears, and they hear. Just so the electrical tongue speaks from the radio tower. Its voice travels in waves through the ether, and any electrical ears reached by those waves will also hear. The main difference between the two kinds of waves lies in the fact that sound waves travel at the rate of about 1,000 feet a second and are rarely audibly transmitted for more than a few miles, while electric waves travel at the rate of 186,000 miles a second and reach

out into infinity. Hence terrestrial distances mean little to electric waves, though the contour of the earth, atmospheric electrical conditions, and other causes often interfere with their transmission and limit their effective range.

But the question will be asked—"If a radio telephone can hear every message sent out within a radius of a thousand miles or so, why does not pandemonium reign in the ether? How is it possible to transmit satisfactorily, say, a concert, without its being obliterated by a multitude of other sounds?"

The method used to prevent radio "interferences" finds an exact parallel in a fact that is familiar to all musicians. Press down the loud pedal of a piano, so that the dampers are released from the strings, and then sound a note on a violin close by. The sound waves from the violin string will immediately set the corresponding piano string into vibration, as is easily determined by both the ear and the fingers, but no other string will be affected.

Similarly, by adjusting or "tuning" a radio transmitting instrument to send off waves of a given length, messages are sent out that are received only by receivers tuned to that same wave length, nor will those receivers be affected by messages of other wave lengths. The purpose of the dial on the receiving set is to tune the instrument to various wave lengths, so, therefore, by sending out "General News," "Financial News," and the rest, each on a separate wave length, and prohibiting others from using exactly those same waves, all kinds of messages could be sent out simultaneously, and the listener, by turning his dial, could pick out the kind he wanted and would not be bothered by the rest.

This system is now being followed by radio stations, acting under governmental regulations. Thus, the amateur has a range of wave lengths wherein he can sport himself as he pleases; ships have another range for ordinary communications; their SOS (or immediate assistance) calls are sent out on a special wave length; the navy has its own range; and the great intercontinental stations have still another. The various kinds of communications are, therefore, carried on today without undue interference, and only a further refinement of this system is needed to permit of the undisturbed transmission of a thousand or more kinds.

This system is one of the developments due to the war. Radio telephony has been known to engineers and scientists for

Members of Company A of the 1st Battalion Mounted N. Y. N. G. Signal Corps drilling. Their orders are being given them by Capt. L. J. Gorman, who is over thirty blocks away.



PHOTOS COURTESY WESTINGHOUSE CO.



Captain Gorman giving his orders to his company (shown above) by wireless transmitter.

a decade or so, but its first practical application was on our airplanes in France. After the war the builders of the apparatus decided to give the public the benefit of this remarkable invention, and therefore established the chain of broadcasting stations now in operation and will probably add to these until the entire country is able to enjoy this service.

The future of the radiophone is difficult to forecast, but that there will be great ethereal activity from now on is a certainty. Probably most homes will have receiving sets with loud speakers; and a new factor, comparable with the newspaper, moving picture and phonograph, will be added to our lives. For one thing, the Government can very properly broadcast the debates of Congress, public speeches, and the discussions of international conferences.

In addition to general broadcasting, the radiophone has also great practical value as a means of intercommunication with points that are naturally isolated, such as airplanes, trains, ships at sea, ranches, mines, lumber camps, etc. Ships without doctors have, for example, been able to describe to physicians on neighboring ships or on the shore the condition of some one on board who has been injured or taken seriously ill, and several lives have already been saved by following the instructions received. The possibilities in this direction are unlimited, and some engineers have not hesitated to prophesy that the time will come when we can communicate with other planets.

THE LITTLE PAINTED STEER

A CHRISTMAS STORY by FRÉDÉRIC BOUTET

Translated from the French by WILLIAM L. McPHERSON

Illustrated by WILLIAM FISHER

MAURICE arrived at his grandparents' house on Christmas Eve. The snow, which had been falling since morning, swathed in its mysterious white silence the little old town, with its ancient houses, pointed church towers and narrow streets.

Maurice recognized the deserted station, the comfortable carriage, the cautious old coachman and the tall family mansion which he hadn't seen for three years. He dutifully kissed his grandparents, who were very happy to have him with them again, answered their questions politely and learned that he had grown a great deal and was a big fellow for his eleven years. He ate an excellent dinner and enjoyed it. But the conversation was sprinkled with recollections of his early childhood. This annoyed him greatly, and about half past nine he asked permission to go to bed.

He refused any assistance from the old housekeeper and was left alone in the vast bedroom which had been prepared for him. He looked about at the dark, heavy furniture, the beautiful old lamp and the deep fireplace, in which some enormous logs were burning. He drew aside the curtains and peeped outside, where the snow was still falling. Then he turned away, his hands in his pockets and a frown on his face. In a tone of weariness, mixed with indulgence and contempt, he murmured:

"What am I up against here? Pure nursery stuff!"

He looked back with regret to the boys' academy, where he played with his little comrades at being a man. He regretted the loss of his usual vacation in Paris, with his rich parents, always on the go. They spoiled him all the more during these visits because, in their egoism, they had rid themselves of him for the rest of the year by sending him to boarding school. He thought of the holiday receptions, of the invitations to parties he sometimes received, of the pretty little girls before whom he loved to pose. He said to himself that his younger sister, Marceline, was an idiot to catch the scarlet fever at such a time, and that it would have been better for him to risk the contagion, to avoid which they kept him away from home, than to be consigned to this provincial village, this deadly country hole.

"Well," he reflected, with a philosophy beyond his years, "here I am, here I am! They adore me. I suppose I must make myself agreeable. In ten days I'll be back at school, and it will all be over.

But I am out of luck. Talking about rotten Christmas vacations, this is certainly one."

He went to bed, full of resignation; read the last installment of a detective

toward the chimney, their arms filled with parcels. They bent down, arranged the things and then, with a glance at the bed, stole away on tip-toe.

Maurice hadn't moved, pretending to be asleep. At first he was unwilling to believe his eyes. He was stupefied. At the same time he felt keenly the ridiculousness of the situation.

"It is too much," he groaned, turning impatiently in the bed. "This Santa Claus business for me! It doesn't even make me laugh. It is too much, all the same!"

Nevertheless, since he was only eleven years old, he got up, and with a false indifference and detachment went over to the fireplace to see what they had brought him. He found in the shadows a pile of magnificent toys, sumptuous books and boxes of bonbons.

"They must have cost a lot of money," he said aloud, after examining them. "But it is all foolishness! I would much rather have had the cash. I need some more sporting clothes. But what's going on here?"

Something queer was going on, indeed. There was a strange movement in the toy pile. A small painted wooden steer, disengaging himself from the other objects, climbed to the top of the pile of books and planted himself squarely on the uppermost one facing Maurice, who was squatting on the floor.

"Here I am," said the little painted steer.

"Wonderful!" said Maurice.

"Don't pose," the little steer answered, severely. "That doesn't go with me! I was listening to what you said a moment ago. You are anything but a good boy. Look at your goings on because your grandparents buy you toys and are childlike enough to put them by the fireplace, as their parents did for them and they

did for your parents."

"But it isn't done any more," said Maurice.

"Silence!" answered the little steer. "Not at boarding school, perhaps. It would be ridiculous to put toys in the stockings of forty youngsters in your dormitory. But here, in the country, with this old house, this big chimney, the white snow and the legendary silence of the night, nothing could be better. Your

grandparents suspect that you don't believe in Santa Claus. They know that you know that they know this. But it is the old tradition with them. It goes back to their earliest memories.

"And then they took so much trouble to get all this ready for you. Your grand-



"Maurice saw his grandparents slide silently toward the chimney, their arms filled with parcels."

story, found it both improbable and flat and fell asleep.

Toward midnight a slight noise awakened him. The logs in the fireplace still vaguely lighted up the chamber. Maurice saw his grandparents glide silently

father has been writing for two weeks to all the big stores; your grandmother has been hunting in all the closets. She gave me to you. And I can tell you that she lays great store by me. I was put, just as you see me, in her first Christmas stocking, when she was a very little girl. But they both wanted your first and perhaps your last Christmas with them to be the best you ever had. And you—you would like to give them a lesson! You consider yourself *blasé*, indifferent, quite above all this sort of thing. You criticize and complain. It is ungrateful, dishonest and foolish! You will see, in life, how you will be obliged to swallow many other things than a custom full of naïve mystery and get for doing it a reward much less than all these beautiful toys and the joy of your grandparents."

dren would never have suspected that anybody could make for them the hundredth part of such miracles. Look here! In the first place, the aeroplane—the aeroplane—the flying machine! It's very dangerous for the man who sits in it and I don't understand how he has the courage to stay there. It goes very high, you know. Your grandfather tried it out yesterday and it amused him very much.

"Then there is the railroad with its accident and all the passengers falling out in fragments. They die all the time—these people do—to make entertainment for you. And that is worth something! And then the North Pole, with the bears, the seals, the dogs and the explorers! They must be very cold. And then the electric machine, the printing press, the compressed air gun and the beautiful books. You have everything."

"I agree with you. It is a fine collection," said Maurice, with a smile of superiority at the little painted steer's enthusiasm. "If I were six years old, these things would probably take my breath away. But at my age! Aeroplanes—we have seen too many of them. They are old; they are commonplace. We are tired of them. As to the railroad and the accident victims, that isn't very cheerful. And let us cut out the Pole. It has no value from the scientific point of view. It's good for two-

and we have everything we need in that line. This one is only a toy. It isn't serious.

"And the books—astonishing and impossible tales of adventure, of men, prodigious in strength, bravery and skill, who never have anything but good luck! It isn't like that in real life. It isn't like that in the colonies. You don't always run across a stunning young woman, who is also a millionaire, whose life you save and who then marries you. That stuff puts false ideas into your head. It is bad for the easy marks and useless for those who know better. It is pernicious. No, you see, the most curious thing here that they have given me is—"

"Is what?" demanded the little steer.

"You, of course. For an automaton you are a wonder. You move by electricity, I suppose, and you have a phonograph in your stomach!"

"I! A phonograph in my stomach!"

The little painted steer seemed to choke with anger.

"My little boy," he said finally, "you are too much for me—too much for all of us. We aren't good enough for you, it seems. So amuse yourself without us. Good night."

He turned about, descended from the book pile, rushed to the fireplace and disappeared behind the half-consumed logs. The seals, the dogs, the bears and the explorers followed suit. The railroad train, carrying the printing press, rolled away on its tracks; the gun burst into fragments; the books, set afire by a spark, were consumed in an instant. The aeroplane flew away across the hearth in which nothing was now left.

Maurice remained startled and a little frightened for a moment. Then he shrugged his shoulders and went back to bed.

The next morning about nine o'clock his grandparents entered the room and waked him up. The daylight, made more dazzling by the snow, poured through the windows. Maurice looked first at the fireplace. It was perfectly bare.

"My dear Maurice," said his grandfather affectionately, "we had thought of giving you some toys for Christmas gifts. But, contrary to your

grandmother's opinion, I decided that for a boy as big as you are, who goes to boarding school, money would be better and would give you more pleasure. You can buy with it whatever you please."

Maurice looked at the banknotes. The corners of his mouth twitched.

"Well," asked his grandfather, "aren't you satisfied? What else would you have?"

"I want—I want the little painted steer which they gave to grandmother when she was very small," said Maurice with a sob.

"I was sure of it!"

The old lady, touched and enchanted, cast a look of triumph at her husband.

"Take it, my dear. I have brought it along for you. It will always be yours."



"My little boy," he said, finally, "you are too much for me—too much for all of us. We aren't good enough for you, it seems. So amuse yourself without us. Good night."

"Yes, I'll admit that," said Maurice, who seemed to have reflected a little. "Besides, you know, I love my grandparents very much and I shall tell them to-morrow that I am very happy. But you will find, all the same, that one must belong to his times, and that for an up-to-date boy, who is practical, prefers outdoors sports and knows also the value of things, there are entirely too many toys here."

"How so! How so! Too many toys? But look at them. They are marvels. I am astounded, myself. In my time chil-

year-olds only. The compressed air gun—I haven't any intention of going to a military academy. I am a pacifist rather. And the printing press! That's nice enough; but for a year I've been editor-in-chief of a journal which we founded at our school,



C. CURTIS

"The little two-foot nothings concerned with the production of the puppet play, 'Rip Van Winkle.'" They are wooden-heads, all of them; but they are the most versatile thespians who are acting to-day.



Wilhem, who will be remembered by all who have seen "Rip Van Winkle."

THE REAL WOODENHEAD ACTOR

By GEORGE MITCHELL

AT NEW YORK'S Punch and Judy Theater (as if that little playhouse were specially and appropriately named for the production that is of-

fered there each season) appear a group of actors stranger than one may see in all his explorations through the mimic world. Real wooden-headed actors, whose brains, if any, are gnarled and knotted in a block of wood as solid as the knob at the top of a newel post and yet whose ability to charm is as undeniable as that of the greatest stars that ever shed the luster of their genius upon a spellbound audience. We are speaking of the little two-foot nothings concerned with the production of the puppet play, "Rip Van Winkle," and we make bold to say that much might be learned by the live (particular stress being laid upon the word "live") actor, were he to study the antics of these little figures that so delightfully recall to us the trials of our old friend "Rip."

We do not infer that the woodenhead is a better actor than his human prototype. We merely wish to state that he is much superior. Not that it is the fault of the human, by any means, but rather that, whereas the human is restricted, the marionette enjoys an unlimited field in which to exercise his talents. However, the odds are all in favor of the woodenhead compared from every angle of the actor's art and he is as full of angles as is geometry.

Upon the face of so sweeping an assurance, there seems to be no obvious reason why the puppet should be so plenteously endowed unless we lay it to our old belief in the "God in the Machine": enchantment; witchcraft or any of the other spells under which the unenlightened were swayed. But we modernists pride ourselves on having outgrown superstition and scoff at anything so absurdly stupid. Moreover, we don't have to go back to the fifteenth and preceding centuries for our explanation. There is a real, *bona fide* reason for the legitimacy of the puppet's talents and it is this: he comes by them through sheer luck or, more properly speaking, the inheritance of stupidity. He is a "Fool for Luck," and, being that, he is a "Darling of the Gods." He's a thing of chance and his talents are the offspring of phenomena; the result of accident.

All of this may sound absurd, but it's true and gives our little manikin opportunities infinitely greater than those that fall to the lot of his more intelligent though less fortunate competitor for his-
trionic honors.

To explain: The human actor is restricted to a bag of tricks which, by reason of constant repetition, year in and out, have grown decidedly commonplace. The physical movements of our fellow-beings have become so well known to us as to have lost their power to suggest a fresh viewpoint to our jaded vision. We are *blasé* to them. From our earliest childhood we have seen men and women walk and sit and stand and run and wave their hands and arms and turn their heads until we know the limitations of all these actions. They have become involuntary to the actor and, by the same token, inconsequential to the observer. Not even the high-salaried contortionist or trapeze artist in his tightest knot or wildest and most daring leap for life has anything new up the sleevelessness of his silk fleshings. We've seen it all and have long since learned to yawn behind polite hands. Now and again we are led to believe that

a new clown has a new trick, but, when we see it, we are sadly disappointed. The trick is not new. The clown has merely put it in a new setting. The new trick is as old as a joke.

And here is where our little woodenhead comes into his own, for herein lies his great advantage and, like the clever little woodenhead he is, he takes the full measure of his opportunity.

Fortune has singularly blessed him in that his actions, his movements, his gestures are never quite the same twice over, for, by the very nature of his construction and manipulation, there is constant and delightful surprise in every contortion of his awkward, jerky little person. His ambling, flamboyant *nonchalance* of carriage, his disdain for the very ground upon which he should, but very rarely does, walk, results in a deportment which is not only unusually fantastic but absolutely impossible of imitation. His curious cock of the head and an ability to turn it almost completely around is decidedly unique and must cause considerable envy to birds and little children. The sudden and unexpected gesture that so frequently expresses, not the message of his speech, but something quite incongruous to it, gives him a property for comedy that should be the despair of those who seek fame and daily bread by an appeal to our sense of humor. The half-bent, crooked poise, or entire lack of it (as we understand the word) provides him with an aptitude to express pathos that drives his audience to tears—the kind of tears that is born of happiness. But most, and best, of all, he is possessed of a certain physical helplessness that makes one feel that at any moment—and particularly at the very moment when he is at the zenith of his heroic best and about to perform an act of almost superhuman strength or courage—he was going to collapse.

And yet, despite all these highly entertaining and mirth-provoking faculties, our woodenhead is capable of producing

effects so closely true to life and so convincingly emotional as to cause a gripping at the heart strings, a catch at the throat and a regret that he couldn't "come alive" for a second and carry the illusion to reality.

Could anything that isn't actually real be more real than the parting of Rip and his daughter at the close of the second act as performed by these little marionettes? The scene is laid in Dame Van Winkle's kitchen. The storm rages without. Miniature lightning and thunder flash and roar "to scale." Rip has been told by his scolding wife that she has come to the end of her patience with him and his indolent ways. He must go! The house is hers. Rip has become callous to his wife's tongue, but in his fatherly heart there is a strong affection for his little daughter Judy. His pride stung beyond the point of control, he gets his gun, calls his faithful dog, and kissing his daughter a twenty-year farewell, sets out into the rain. Pure pathos, and, done with woodenheads, one would think that it must bring a burst of laughter; ridiculous to attempt anything so perilously near the burlesque. Yet, the very helplessness of these little figures, whose heads are wooden, whose hearts are rags and whose emotions are controlled by cotton strings, give a sharper and more poignant significance to that great, hopeless inadequacy one feels in watching Rip face a dilemma that he has allowed to gather about him by his own careless neglect and laziness. It's uncanny.

So much for the histrionic value of the woodenhead and his ability to show what kind of wood his head is made of, but what would endear him to the heart of those with whom he comes in daily contact in the course of his theatrical labors, is his temperamental endowment. Here, surely, he has been blessed by the gods of Olympus.

So many stories have been told of the actor's predilection for temperamental exercise that it may well be taken for granted that he does indulge himself occasionally. A great deal of it, however, is brought about by the actor who suddenly thinks it might help him on his career if he took his light from under the bushel

and stuck it up where the management could see it. Most managers labor under the delusion that actors cannot act. Particularly are they deficient in emotional rôles. So it becomes necessary to "show 'em." Playwrights are to blame in that they do not give the actor half a chance to show what he's got. So the actor throws a fit of nerves just to convince the world that Bernhardt hasn't cornered the market on throbbery. Considerable annoyance is occasioned the management by these outbursts and the cast is not only bored but forced to rehearse a week longer with a new actor. Here again the woodenhead is vastly superior to the human. Here again, perhaps, it isn't his fault. He's born that way. However, he never indulges him-

Rip's termagant wife.



COURTESY TONY SARG



"The storm rages without. Miniature lightning and thunder flash and roar 'to scale.' Rip has been told by his scolding wife that she has come to the end of her patience with him and his indolent ways. He must go!"

self. He is never misguided into the belief that a display of temperament will get him a better part or a dollar's more salary. He goes about his work like an automaton, and works as methodically as an adding machine. No word of complaint issues from his tightly painted lips, never a look of dissatisfaction for a part that is beneath his ability as an actor; nothing but complete concurrence to all that goes on about him and you may rest assured that the curtain will never be held for the fraction of a second because he isn't being treated right by the management. He wants nothing more than what is given him; exhibits no jealousy, envy, or any of the other vermillion sins to which the flesh is heir. No star dressing-room excites his envy. The bag in

which he hangs is as good as the other fellow's and even if it weren't, he wouldn't care a snap of his plaster-of-Paris fingers. He's an ideal co-worker in an ideal theater; gives a maximum of service and a minimum of trouble. That's another good reason why his big brother ought to give him a little attention and close study.

So one may praise him for his many virtues and, praising him, may be certain not to swell his wooden head. Water, not praise, may do that. It is very certain that he will not read this inadequate appreciation of his honest earnestness, but if he does, it is to be hoped that it will, in a measure, repay him for the many hours of delightful entertainment he has given us all.

Vision

By BERTON BRALEY

The practical man sees a small wooden box
Strung tight with the gut of a cat
On which you can scrape with the tail of a
horse;
There's nothing more to it than that;
Or so he declares, and it's perfectly true
That's all that a violin seems
Unless you have vision which leads you to see
A casket of loveliest dreams.

The practical man knows a tree is a tree.
He figures its height and its girth;
How many board feet it would yield to the
saw,
And just what the boards would be worth.
And yet to the man who has vision, it stands
A miracle sprung from the sod,
A green living glory that ever proclaims
The spirit and purpose of God.

The practical man sees a practical world
And runs it in practical style,
He's safe and he's sane as an everyday guide,
But still, every once in a while,
Though practical people make living run
smooth,
Let's yield to the magical thrall
Of dreamers whose beautiful visions supply
The reason for living at all!



"HOLD ON TIGHT!"

This one was snapped at Lake Placid, in the Adirondacks, where the Lake Placid Club has formed an organization known as the "Sno-birds," which arranges a daily winter program of considerable variety and interest. For skaters and skiers, snowshoers and tobogganists, hockey enthusiasts and curlers there are attractions which keep one out in the open all day long.



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R. L. GLENN

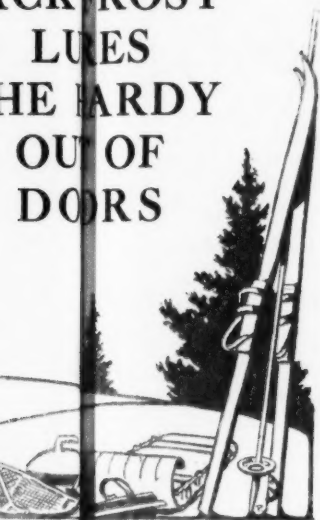
OVER THE ICEHIN

One does not find Eskimo dogs on every ice in America, but in the Arctic, a bit unusual. The picture was taken near the camp, in the Arctic.

"Ski-joring" near Dartmouth, N.H. The Dartmouth Outing Club has for years held carnival in the New Hampshire hills.



WHEN BLACKFROST LURES THE HARDY OUT OF DOORS



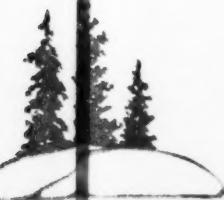
"OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS"

Once upon a time a man attempted to toboggan down Pike's Peak. He had a glorious and rapid trip—for the few moments which preceded the final smash-up. To-day nobody in Colorado attempts to slide down 14,000-foot mountains; but thousands of red-blooded members of the Colorado Mountain Club are tobogganists.



FOR THE BEHIND DOGS

is on every mountain in America. This form of sport is, therefore, the favorite of the Lake Placid Club's Moose Island camp, in New York State.



Members of the Mount Hood Snowshoe Club (of Oregon). Near Portland they find ideal country for their favorite sport.



What do *you* think of Prohibition?

Prohibition is a great national problem.

Like every great national problem it demands the sunlight and fresh air of public discussion.

It has had *too little* of this; though we, the people, discuss it endlessly among ourselves, we have lacked a proper clearing house for our views.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY intends to supply that lack by getting the *individual views* of its readers from all over the country, from every nook and corner of the country.

To accomplish this we want YOUR VIEWS—we must have them, for your own sake and for the sake of all your fellow-readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

So, *please*, write us a letter, *now*, giving *your* views on Prohibition.

We ask that, in this letter, you answer these questions:

- (1) Are you in sympathy with National Prohibition?
- (2) So far as you can observe, is Prohibition being successfully enforced in *your* community?
- (3) In your neighborhood, among your personal acquaintances has drinking increased or decreased?
- (4) Do you favor stricter Prohibition enforcement laws or a modification of the present laws?
- (5) Do you believe that "bootleggers" are making large sums of money in your community?
- (6) Do you personally know people who did not drink liquor, before Prohibition, who do so now?
- (7) Have you personal knowledge of young men and girls who, before Prohibition, did not drink liquor and are now doing so in public places?
- (8) Is the practice of carrying liquor "on the hip" increasing or decreasing in your neighborhood?
- (9) Do you believe that allowing people to drink beer and light wines would, to any extent, reduce the amount of "hard" liquor consumed?

When you have carefully considered these questions, please write us your conclusions, giving full expression to your views, but remembering that we desire short, "meaty" letters. Your name and address will be considered strictly confidential, if you so desire.

The maximum value to *all* readers can only result if *each* reader does his part. Please consider that you are *reporting your views on conditions* in your community for the benefit of all the hundreds of thousands of *other* readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Address your letter to the QUESTIONNAIRE EDITOR, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

AS WE

WERE SAYING

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

EAT AND BE EFFICIENT

HOW awfully old-fashioned are those who talk of "three square meals a day." There ain't no sech animal. First to go was breakfast, the heavy meat breakfast. Now lunch is departing; slowly, it is true, but surely; we are learning not to clog our works in the middle of the day. This leaves only dinner, which is now known as "the one good meal that is all a man needs to keep him fit."

But let us not jump at conclusions. The habit of eating is not dying out with the reduction of "three squares" to one. No, no. We are abolishing old meals and establishing new ones. Prosperity of the United States depends upon our being able to sell profitably all the food—news writers call it foodstuffs—that we raise. Just now Europe isn't a very good cash customer, so folks in America with food to sell are intensively campaigning to put their surplus product into American stomachs. Even though breakfast be deleted and lunch curtailed, the total eats consumed bid fair to surpass in a short time the sum of the old "three squares."

We learn from various advertisements that the human furnace needs fuel at frequent intervals. First calories, then vitamins, took the place of mere vulgar grub. It is the business of experts—perhaps not wholly disinterested—to tell us that at certain times in the working day the body is subject to a weariness which only proper food will check. Thus we have "three o'clock fag" for which—let us say—dried currants are good. A shovel full or two—not literally—will keep the furnace from getting cold. Next, doubtless, we shall hear of "eleven o'clock slump," that crisis in the morning's labor through which somebody's selected pignuts will safely steer us. Keep a box in your desk. Pignuts are rich in vitamins. Indeed, before long the daily eating schedule of the average indoor worker, posted where he can see it, will read something like this:

Eight o'clock breakfast (*light*).
Nine-thirty lassitude. Large apple.
Eleven o'clock slump. Selected pignuts.
One o'clock luncheon (*light*).
Three o'clock fag. Dried currants.
Four-fifteen sinking spell. Bran muffin.
Four-forty-five convalescence. Raw cabbage.
Five-thirty relapse. Yeast cake.
Seven o'clock dinner (*meat*).

The old business order, "Don't watch the clock," will of course be abandoned. A bookkeeper, teller or shipping clerk—in fact, any or all of us—will be obliged to watch the office clock in order to know when it is time to shovel in the vitamins. Otherwise, how can any of us ever expect to sit in with the board of directors, efficient, incisive, masterful?

Odd it has never occurred to the ordinary white potato to become a movie star. Its



"An excellent substitute for mistletoe."

qualifications are admirable. Consider the glorious "eyes" it has.

THREE regular sized teaspoons were removed from the stomach of a woman in Pennsylvania. She told the doctors she had no recollection of having swallowed them. Likely enough, she swallowed a demi-tasse spoon when an infant, and the three regular sized teaspoons represent the original deposit left at compound interest.

"DON'T mention that name in America," said Briand, when some more than ordinarily rash reporter of the Washington Arms Conference referred to the League of Nations. "The Harding administration," wrote Sir Philip Gibbs in his latest book, "was busily searching for some other word than 'League.'" The best way out of a dilemma often proves the simplest. With the saving grace of humor, let the great powers of the world form themselves into a body which shall be known as an Association of Nations when there is a Republican administration at Washington, and as a League of Nations when the party in the saddle is Democratic. No difference except in name. Then every-

Nature Studies by W. E. HILL

body will be happy, and the not unimportant work of salvaging civilization may proceed.

IN MAD NEW YORK

THE *Daily Hoot* gets out its first evening edition so early in the morning that it cuts seriously into the sales of the *Morning Splash*.

(2) So the *Splash* gets out its first morning edition at nine o'clock the night before.

(3) The *Hoot* retaliates by printing to-morrow evening's first edition this evening.

ALMOST time for the Easter numbers to be out.

VAUDEVILLE

"Acoustics bad," the showman said.
But I could not agree.
From where I sat I scarcely heard
Of any act a single word;
They seemed right good to me.
I could not hear the Jazz-blue team,
Although I'm told their act's a scream.
I could not hear the funny stuff
Pulled four-a-day by Mac and Muff.
I could not hear at all the line
That got the laugh for Simph and Shine.
All blurred to me the merry quips
That fell from Oof and Zowie's lips.
And what the Dancing Daves can show
By way of talk I'll never know.
Acoustics bad? That's going some.
They're good.. See what they saved me from!



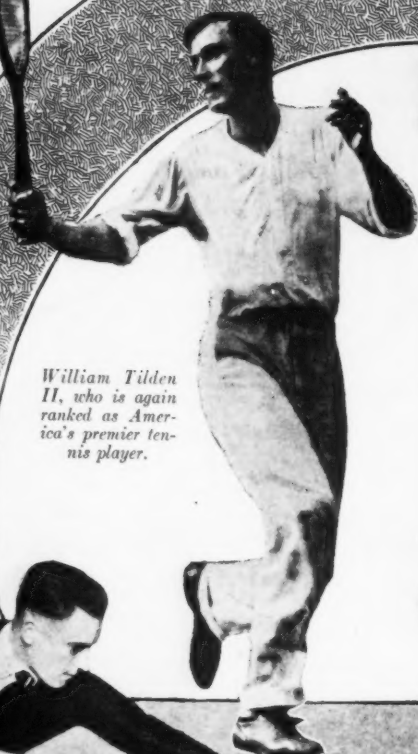
"What the Dancing Daves can show by way of talk I'll never know."

AMONG OUR SPORTS

Ethelda Bleibrey, who holds five swimming records.



William Tilden II, who is again ranked as America's premier tennis player.



"Long" Jim Barnes, winner of the National Open Golf Championship, over the course of the Columbia Golf Club, Washington, D. C.



"Babe" Ruth, whose record of 59 home runs for the 1921 season may stand for all time.



Jake Schaefer, who defeated Hoppe and became our 18.2 balkline billiard champ.



Richard Headrick, aged four. He is the world's champion juvenile swimmer.



*©CHARLES C. COOK
"Morrich," the "Man o' War" of the 1921 racing season, who clearly proved his superiority among the two-year-olds of the country.*

"Bob" Slater, of Iowa, who has been called the greatest football player of the season just ended.



LEADERS OF 1921

Jack Dempsey. 'Nuff said!

©INTERNATIONAL



Jesse Guilford, our national amateur golf champion.

Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, our greatest woman tennis star.

Norman Ross, the best sprint swimmer of the year.

© PAUL THOMPSON
Jim Thorpe, who is our premier professional football wizard.

Marion Hollins, our national woman golf champion.

Helen Wainwright, champion woman fancy diver of 1921.

ALL BUT FOUR PHOTOS BY KEYSTONE

©UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD
Fred Ludlow, the speediest motorcyclist in America. He is here shown breezing along a race track in Southern California at 112 miles an hour.

Charles Paddock, easily the greatest short distance sprinter of the year.

MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Conducted by H. W. SLAUSON, M.E.

Readers desiring information about motorcars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 W. 43d Street, New York. We are glad to answer inquiries free of charge.

NO MORE TIRE GUARANTEES?

A GOOD many years ago a tire-maker who had discovered some improvement in manufacture had the temerity to attach a definite mileage guarantee to his product! That first guarantee may have been for 1,000 miles or it may have been for 2,000, but the tire users of those days were accustomed to expect failure at almost any mark above 200 miles.

This action of a tire manufacturer, necessary in those days, probably, was the forerunner of an evil which has existed to a greater extent in the tire industry than in any other branch of automotive equipment. The tire guarantee is useless and in reality serves no purpose with present-day methods of uniform manufacturing methods other than to prove an annoyance to manufacturer, dealer and consumer and to increase the cost of sales by a marked degree. To-day, when the tire manufacturers' art has improved to such a wonderful extent, when uniformity and quality mark the product of the leading manufacturers, double the normal guarantee is expected under proper conditions. This archaic method of selling and buying tires has made the tire industry stand out as the one instance of an automotive business hindered and repressed by its own attempts to retain the good-will of its customers along false and impractical lines.

Finally, however, the tire manufacturers have agreed to attempt to eliminate the guarantee entirely, not only in order to protect themselves from the all-too-frequent dishonest motorist who expects to obtain two tires for the price of one, but in order to give to the consumer a better product at a lower cost than is possible when adjustment departments, with their constant dickerings and panderings to "policy adjustments," are a part of every large tire merchandising and manufacturing organization.

Motor cars are not guaranteed for a definite mileage; gasoline is not warranted to carry a car a given distance, rubber radiator hose is not expected to last a definite number of miles; and batteries are expected to deliver no more current than that which is put into them by the generator. Why this lack of guarantee on your car and its vital parts? Simply because the mileage obtained from car, gasoline, radiator hose, or battery is so largely dependent upon the care with which your automobile is operated. Running without oil will ruin the best engine in a few hours; using the choke to excess, running with retarded spark and



KEYSTONE
A Tampier Biplane. Its planes are cleverly constructed to fold back against the fuselage of the machine. When they are not in use a second pair of wheels is dropped into place, and presto the air car becomes a road carrier—a "limousine that flies"! The idea will, no doubt, be greatly improved upon soon.

DO YOU KNOW:

1. What are rubber spring shackles?
 2. How much the electric current costs to keep an engine from freezing in a cold garage?
- Answers to these questions will be found in the next issue of the Motor Department.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE LAST MOTOR DEPARTMENT.

1. Why an exhaust valve opens considerably before the bottom of the stroke and closes somewhat after the end of the upward stroke.

This is known as valve "lead" and "lag." The efficiency of a gasoline engine is largely dependent upon the scavenging or thoroughness with which the cylinder is cleared of its burned gases. Before the end of the piston stroke is reached, the gases are above atmospheric pressure and will be ejected largely under their own impetus. Therefore, the valve opens somewhat before the bottom of the stroke in order to take advantage of this feature. The next upward stroke is known as the scavenging stroke and is used to eject what remains of the burned gases. During this stroke the exhaust valve will remain open. Due to the high speed of the piston, however, there is a certain momentum given to these unburned gases which remains after the piston starts on its downward stroke. For this reason the exhaust valve remains open in order that all of the unburned gases will be forced out.

2. Which warms quicker, the thermo-syphon or the pump system of water circulation?

Assuming the same amount of water and air circulation, the thermo-syphon system will allow the engine to become warm quicker, inasmuch as water circulation does not occur until the engine has become sufficiently heated to cause the warm water to rise to the radiator. In other words, the circulation is slow until the water surrounding the cylinder jackets has become well warmed. In the pump system the water is circulated at a speed directly proportional to the speed of the engine. This means that the entire volume of water is brought to approximately the same normal temperature. Owing to the slower circulation of the thermo-syphon system, however, a larger amount of water must be used.

other incorrect conditions will reduce gasoline mileage by 50 per cent.; the use of kerosene as an anti-freezing solution, the presence of oil on the outside of the hose or failure to keep the cooling system

properly filled will quickly ruin the best radiator hose; and a careless use of the battery will soon consume more current than can be replaced by the generator.

And yet tires are as much dependent for long life upon the care that they receive at the hands of the operator as are any of the above-mentioned parts. Operation when insufficiently inflated, misalignment of the wheels, inattention to cuts and stone bruises, dragging brakes or low hanging fenders will all reduce the mileage which can be obtained from the best tire made.

And yet because of this long established evil of tire adjustments, the average motorist honestly feels that he has a grievance against the manufacturer of a tire which has not delivered its 5,000, 6,000 or 8,000 miles of guarantee, even though

this failure is due to gross negligence on his part—and this grievance in his mind can only be eradicated by an "adjustment" on the part of the tire manufacturer. If one dealer is permitted to make a "policy adjustment"—or adjustment intended solely to preserve the good-will of the customer even though it is evident that the mileage failure is due solely to his own negligence—rival dealers must adopt the same attitude in their adjustments. The result is a condition which reacts against the tire companies and the consumers because no inducement is brought to bear upon the car owner to take proper care of his tires. This continual shipment for inspection, quibbling and replacement of tires on a basis unfair to the manufacturer, creates an overhead cost that must be included in the selling price of the tire.

The average honestly made tire will far outlast its guarantee. If it does not, the chances are ninety-five to one hundred that the difficulty is due to some gross carelessness attending its operating conditions rather than to any defect entering into its material or workmanship. There is a uniformity of design and construction of the better made tires which make this statement an axiom of tire service.

But the less responsible tire manufacturers and dealers—known to the industry as the "gyps"—take advantage of this situation and catch the unwary buyer in a net from which it is difficult for him to extricate himself. Let us assume a case more actual than supposititious. The "Good Luck" Tire Company is formed to manufacture and sell tires at "cut prices." These tires may in reality be nothing but junked seconds or worn out tires which

(Concluded on page 896)



YOU AND YOUR WORK

Employment Agencies

By JACOB PENN

LESLIE'S WEEKLY is not an employment agency, it cannot provide jobs. But it can and will provide expert counsel to those, with or without work, who sincerely wish to better their condition. Mr. Penn will gladly answer in LESLIE'S the inquiries of readers who seek the benefit of his advice in solving their employment problems. All communications will be treated confidentially. Address your letters: YOU AND YOUR WORK DEPT., LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 West 43d St., New York City. Always enclose stamps for postage.



ORDINARY business and sales methods are resorted to by the private employment agencies to find applicants for the vacancies they have reported to them. They reach the unemployed and those who desire to obtain better connections through the "help wanted" classified columns devoted exclusively to employment agencies usually at the very end of the classified section of the newspaper. The private employment agencies have not invaded yet the magazines and trade publications.

Although prohibited by law in many of the States in which they operate, some private employment agencies advertise vacancies that never exist. This is done by the private employment agencies not so much with the object of deceiving the readers, although such advertisements serve no other purpose, as to obtain for themselves a favorable impression in the eyes of the public. The positions alleged to be on file are usually given as high-salaried so that the reader may be led to believe that the advertising employment agency is utilized by high-class employers and is, therefore, a high-class employment agency.

This point is so vital to our understanding of the field of the private employment agency that we shall stop to consider an incident related by a victim of the practice just cited. A chemist of unusual attainments and excellent personality who easily measured up to the requirements for a certain position that headed the long list of a private employment agency "help wanted" advertisement, reached the office door of the particular agency before the office was opened. As he waited longingly at the door, he thought of many novel ideas he would introduce into his employer's plant if he were engaged. How stunned was he when he was told that the vacancy was already filled!

The local directories, especially the classified telephone directory, will supply you with a list of private employment agencies in your city or the city nearest to you. When you call at any private employment agency you will be given an application blank, the purpose of which is to learn everything possible about you. Within the limits of this page it is impossible to adequately reproduce a facsimile of an employment agency application blank. We suggest, however, that readers write the department for a private employment agency application blank enclosing necessary postage. The application blank is the most vital part of the private employment agency service. On the first page there is usually a list of the various positions covered by the agency, each line of work classified as to the various jobs it includes. You are asked to indicate by a cross the positions

you believe you are best qualified to fill and would consider.

The second and third pages are devoted to your history, your experience, education, and other details. You are asked to give the names of your various employers, lengths of service with each, their addresses, whether they are still in business, positions you held while with them, names of persons under whom you worked, salary or wages received, and reasons for leaving each employer. You should be very careful in answering these questions. Above all, let your answers be truthful. It will hurt your case if your replies are otherwise. The private employment agencies, especially those of the better class, know their business so well that they will easily detect your exaggerations or untruths. Then, there are three very vital questions. They are:

1. Shall we write to your employer?
2. What is your reason for desiring to change your present position?
3. If any lengths of time elapsed between dates of employment, state what you were doing?

The average person out of work magnifies considerably the discomfort of his position. There is no disgrace in your being out of employment if you use every effort to place yourself. The person out of work realizes that it does not favorably impress the employer in telling him that he is without work, and therefore states in his application that he is employed. The first question is designed to establish the fact. In the second question the agency interviewer is afforded an opportunity to determine the character of the applicant. The reason for leaving is an excellent guide to the general fitness of the applicant.

I know one agency in New York that makes full use of this means properly to guide young people and older folk. It tells applicants plainly that there is no good purpose served by leaving their jobs for the slight reasons that impel many men and women to resign. The answer you give to this question helps the interviewer in rating you. For, if your answer is that you have done nothing between jobs, it is ample evidence of your unworthiness for a responsible position. Of course, there are exceptions.

The other parts of the inside pages deal with other phases of your history. You are asked the least salary you would consider to start at; salary you expect; locations you would consider, whether you prefer the city or would be willing to go out of town, whether you object to traveling; questions relating to your domestic circumstances; and inquiry is made as to your education, its character and extent. About one-third of the inside pages of the application form is

blank and devoted to statement of your experience. This is very important because there are many positions that can utilize the knowledge and service which you possess although you think them unimportant to mention. Therefore, dig deep into your memory and relate everything.

On the last page appears the agreement which you are asked to sign. Do not sign this agreement unless you have read it. This agreement states that in consideration of the acceptance of your application, you agree to hold the information received from the agency confidential, that you will notify the agency the results of your interviews with the employers to which it refers you, to pay the agency the fees agreed, how they are to be paid, and several other conditions relatively unimportant to present here.

Answers to Readers

L., OKLAHOMA: Ambitious persons will find more and better opportunities in the United States than elsewhere in the world. Unless you are a technical expert or moneyed prospector we would not advise your leaving the country for the section of Venezuela reported in Lieut. King's article dealing with the oil developments there. If you go to Venezuela the work that you will most likely get, will be no better than that of the common laborer, and the competition of the natives will even keep you from that. Better try to make yourself proficient in the trade you learned in the army so that when you are discharged you may return to your home and follow it to the best of your ability. If you have not learned a trade, better stay in the service until you have mastered one. Obtain from your regimental commander a booklet describing the educational courses offered by the army.

C., PENNSYLVANIA: There is little demand at present for men in the foreign field due to general conditions in the export business. Occasionally there are calls for technical men such as export and traffic managers, but little is heard of clerical openings. Conditions, however, are improving and when they are normal there will be many opportunities. If you feel urged to enter foreign service in China or South America, begin to-day to prepare yourself. Read and study all you can about export and import technique, commercial geography, and learn at least one foreign language.

C., MICHIGAN: Your letter, like a large number received by this department, does not supply sufficient details upon which to base adequate counsel. Your "next step upwards" depends entirely upon yourself. Instead of seeking advancement with other companies, give your present employer first call. You will not regret it. Your "next step upwards" lies in your improvement and that of your work. Surely, there are better ways to do the various operations of the stock department, better ways of handling the orders of purchasers. During the other half of the year when you go on the road selling, see how many more and larger sales you can make and how many more customers you can bring to your company. This policy has guided and will guide us in our work. It has been successful. It will bring you the next, and the next step upwards.

S., WISCONSIN: The opinion of one teacher is not enough. Get the view of others whose decisions are not as biased. Interview actors and actresses. Make use of every opportunity to appear in public. The "baptism by ordeal" is the best test of fitness for any vocation. Then, after considerable experience, if you feel urged to take up the stage as a career, give yourself entirely over to it and let nothing stand in your way of the development of your talent. Above all, you should prepare for a long period of disappointment. The heights of any calling are seldom reached except through an extensive apprenticeship.

H., MINNESOTA: You have made a success of yourself so far by following your natural inclination, and you will advance further if you continue following that raging passion within you for a particular line of work. For the present see how much you can give yourself over to the study of law. The State Department is always looking for young men of promise. Write the Consular Service, Department of State, Washington, D. C., for booklet describing the Consular Service and when next the examinations for Consular Assistant and Student Interpreter will be given and when clerical appointments will be made.

LITTLE STORIES OF REAL AMERICANS

II. THE CARPENTER

By HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

WE BOARDED the smoking car of the suburban train on which I was journeying to the city. The car was full and I moved my bag to make room in the seat.

"Thanks," said he, pulling out his clay pipe.

"I guess you're ready for a seat," said I, looking at his hands and clothes.

"Yes, sir; by Saturday night a laboring man is ready to sit down."

"Been at some heavy work?"

"Bridge-building back yonder. I tell you it takes a man to handle some of those timbers."

We fell to talk. Presently, he was telling me the story of his life, with the naïve frankness of a child.

He was born in Nova Scotia. His father died when he was a baby, his mother when he was only eight, and he had to start to work with almost no schooling. By chance his first employer was a rough-and-ready country carpenter, who built houses and barns when he wasn't running his own farm; and a natural taste for tools soon made the boy his helper in these building operations.

At eighteen he drifted down to Boston and found a job with a good carpenter, who paid him \$10 a week. The second year this was raised to \$12. When the third year came the carpenter told him he was sorry, but he simply couldn't afford to pay him any more; and at the end of that year his boss advised him to strike out for himself: "You know all I can teach you now."

"And I've done pretty well ever since then; there've been bad seasons, of course, but I generally found work, and sometimes I've made big money. A year ago they were building a big house near where I live and I used to make \$38 a week with my overtime. Then I got on this bridge work and I didn't lose a day all last winter."

"It must be pretty tough in heavy weather—bridge-building."

"Yes, but I like it. When we started there the boss says to me one day: 'Can you cut a scarf?' 'I guess so,' says I. 'Did you ever do it on these big timbers?' he asks. 'Well, I'll try,' I answered. It don't do, you know, to seem to think you can do everything."

"So, I started in and cut a scarf. Presently, the boss came along and watched me. 'Good as I could do myself,' says he. 'Lucky I've got one man on this gang that has a head as well as a pair of hands.' And next day he told me I was to lay out the work."

"Then one day he comes up: 'Say, can you level around piles?' 'I guess so,' 'Well, guess along.' That's a pretty difficult job, but I managed it; and he kept trying me on one thing that come up after another."

"Finally, we got there one Monday

morning and the engineer didn't show up. The boss stormed about. Then he turned to me, kind of joking. 'Do you guess you can fire a boiler?' 'Sure,' says I. I'd often fussed around an engine up in Nova Scotia. So I pitched in and ran the engine all that morning till the engineer turned up at last.

"That evening—this was just last week

twelve (my! she's a smart one!), as I told the boss then, I wouldn't be working for him or any man."

"How old are you?"

"Forty-seven."

"Why don't you get what education you need still? That's no trick for a man like you. Go to night school."

He looked at me almost as startled as if I had surprised him in the contemplation of some secret crime.

"I'm going to," he almost whispered. "There's a night school right near where I live."

Almost at once he recovered his cheerful self-satisfaction. "You see I can't use a blue-print, and figures bother me to death when I get a pencil in my hand. But I can figure out my wages or anything about my work in my head and get it right every time. I built two or three houses myself years ago, and I just couldn't sleep at night—as soon as I lay down in the dark I could see every timber and brace in that house right before me, and just how it all fitted together. If I'd only had the education of that girl of mine! She can figure anything, play anything she hears on the piano, talk French, do anything. My boy's the same—put a violin in his hands and he'll play any tune you play for him. It's funny, too. I've got four brothers and sisters, and all but one of them is just helpless. Why, last winter one of my brothers, who lives near me, came over and told me his roof was leaking all over everything and wouldn't I come and patch it up for him. I was mad. I said to him: 'A man that can't put a dozen shingles into a leaky roof don't deserve to have a roof.' But I guess there has to be one smart one in a family—and a good thing for the family, too."

We parted, at the end of our full half-hour's ride, with mutual wishes for "good luck"; and I had a feeling as if I had conversed with a very embodiment of the American spirit, born elsewhere though my friend was—with most of its virtues and faults. Whether or not he realizes his ambition "not to work for any man," I think there's a good chance that that son and daughter who "can do anything" will become citizens with a perspective impossible to their father—a pioneer, as it were, of this industrial age, as the first-comers to these shores were pioneers of a wilderness epoch.

(The first of the "Little Stories of Real Americans" series—"The Country Doctor"—met with a cordial reception from readers of LESLIE'S in every section of America. The editors believe that "The Carpenter" will be equally well received. A third article by Mr. Lanier will appear in the near future.)

THE LIGHT OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

By La Touche Hancock

IN LIFE'S fair dawn the Christmas Tree
Is lit with a glamour good to see;
The spreading boughs are white with snow,
And fringed with icicles below;
Wonderful fruits are growing there,
Silver and gold and jewels rare,
And a goddess, too, with a golden crown
From the topmost branch leans, smiling down—
*HOPE is the name of the deity,
That smiles at the top of the Christmas Tree!*

In life's hard noon, as the seasons flee,
The light falls full on the Christmas Tree.
Oh, cruel light! There stands revealed
A stunted fir with its roots concealed
In an earthen pot on a wooden stool,
And the boughs are gummed with cotton wool,
And hung with tawdry tinsel things,
And gilt glass baubles tied with strings,
And a painted doll in a paper crown,
Strapped to the top, stares blindly down—
*And the doll's name is REALITY,
That stares from the top of the Christmas Tree!*

But eventide with lingering rays
Revives the glow of the earlier days.
Ah, tender light! the tree once more
Grows tall and brave, as it grew of yore.
We have read life's riddle, and now we know
That the cotton wool is really snow,
And the ice-hung boughs beyond dispute
Bear gleaming gems, and magic fruit,
For the term of the tinsel's sway is past,
And the gold shines through the gilt at last,
And the fairy queen in the jeweled crown,
When we look for her, leans smiling down—
*And the fairy's name is MEMORY,
That smiles at the top of the Christmas Tree!*



—the boss called me in to his shack. 'Look here, by—,' says he. 'You can lay out the work or fire boiler, or do any other thing that comes up. I don't see but that I can go off to town and have a good time whenever I want to long's you're here.' So he said he was going to make me assistant foreman. I wasn't just sure about that, for I was afraid the other men would feel sore, but he said he guessed he was running this job, so I decided I'd better take it."

"Why, of course, you've got to take it; man, this is your everlasting chance."

He looked at me with eyes that glittered. "If I just had an education—if I just knew half as much as my girl of

MILLION DOLLAR BUBBLES THAT BURST

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON

Illustrated by EDWIN A. GOEWEY

IT IS the custom of commentators of the times to grow eulogistic over the mighty minds and organizations which have impressed their inventions and products upon an epoch, winning their own success and the inevitable millions of dollars in wealth. But mine is a different narrative. It is of the million dollar ideas that never happened; of the men who actually failed.

Many whom we acclaim as great came perilously near the danger line. Alexander Graham Bell was refused capital, was ridiculed in the newspapers of Europe and America, and technical papers refused to take his idea at all seriously. Disaster faced Carnegie; his partners were through, his workers were being paid with groceries instead of money, but he just managed to pull through! Look at the Willys automobile fortune; at one time with not \$80 of credit and \$80,000 to be paid at once, somebody saved John N. Willys, after all the banks had refused him and he had about decided to enter into voluntary bankruptcy. August Heckscher, who has just come to much prominence by his gift of \$4,000,000 for a Children's Home, went to bed one night with a nice fortune and awoke to find himself broke. His business is zinc; the whole monopoly of zinc interests were against him, he was broke—the chances were ten to one he would never rise again. But he is worth many hundreds of millions to-day. Edison's philosophy is interesting: "Well, boys, we've lost several years and hundreds of thousands of dollars, but at least we've learned it *cannot be done*." His scheme is to work indefatigably; if it cannot be done one way, he will try 500 other methods. And here we touch one of the \$1,000,000 ideas which never happened.

Edison believed that ore could be extracted by magnets from powdered rocks. The plan was feasible, indeed it was absolutely logical. It was plainly scientific. He organized the financial backing for the scheme, he worked five years on its development. He built a plant and the most wonderful of plants and sank more than \$5,000,000 in the creation. But when the ore was produced—there was no

profit! The thing could be done, but it cost more to do it than the rocks could yield.

Look again at a millionaire. This time it is McCormick, the harvester originator. At the beginning when the reaper was offered, for nine solid years not one buyer of a machine could be induced, cajoled, persuaded to put down his money. Not even at \$50. The first machine was sold

Every new idea, and invention, and creed and philosophy has been forced upon the majority by a little group of visionaries. Not even the newspaper, the motion picture, the railroad, the steamboat, electricity, were wanted. Practically every important device of to-day which is made and sold by millionaire concerns, might have been in the hands of other and less all-sufficient executives. Before Ford

succeeded there had been made a machine which was identical in purpose to that of the great Henry's. Several cars were manufactured; there was to be a one-price basis, within the reach of the crowd. These cars had been simplified, the parts were to be bought in bulk, the finished product was to be sold through agents placed advantageously everywhere. The factory was in motion, the finance was asked for but was not forthcoming, the inventor and promoter went nearly mad trying to find a backer. The project went tottering on for a year, then the scheme was abandoned. Meanwhile, Henry Ford came to the front, and the other gentleman, who must be nameless (as will be most of the great failures I am to mention), is living in New York now, nursing another important idea which may bring him to a fortune.

Very few people know how Mark Twain spent his fortune in a machine for typesetting. The famous humorist gave up his writing for the machine. He put his money in the invention; he spent in the neighborhood of \$200,000 on pushing the

idea. The machine succeeded, but Mark Twain never made a dollar out of it. The famous novelist was prevented from writing, nearly lost his life in the excitement, and for a time became a pauper.

The player-piano was devised by several persons at about the same time. One of these was most progressive and foolishly went forward with the endeavor, announcing it to the world through newspaper statements. But he failed to gather his organization about him, and the millions he had put upon paper was reduced to nothing.

Thus, the Patent Office is a place where many ideas are recorded from which few ever become a fact. The patent officers wisely maintain that an idea is not to be protected unless it has been made an



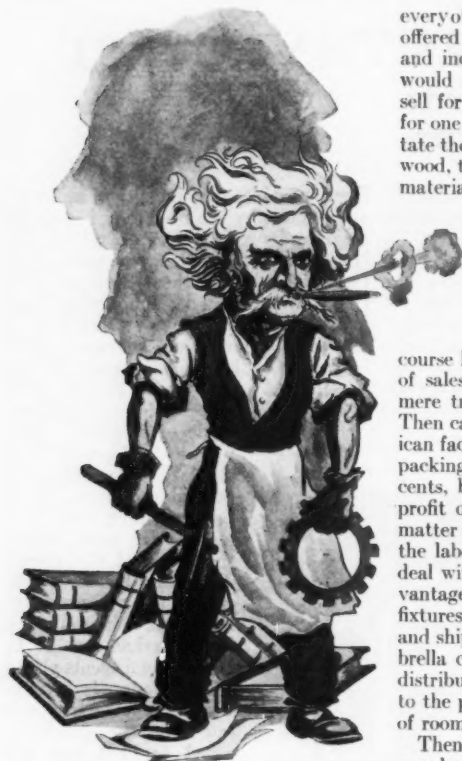
"Madame experiments with the seven essences and mixes them into a combination which becomes her own."

ten years after it was offered to the world!

Then look at the cash register. It did not instantly grow into a world success. For years Patterson was the most unhappy financier and promoter of an invention that ever tried to buck fate. When success came, finally, it was unexpected.

NOW, if the men we recognize among the really remarkable financial winners of our epoch so often stood on the threshold of defeat, what are we to think of the others who did not survive?

I have always contended the new idea was less difficult to bring into being than it was to bring to the people. Always the cry of "give the people what they want" has meant the holding back of progress.



"Mark Twain spent his fortune in a machine for typesetting."

actuality. The man who puts a plan into operation has done perhaps as much, and more, than the individual who conceived a vague notion and never brought it to fruition.

There are two men who know to-day that the United States mail stood between them and millions. The Victor Talking Machine Company is the fortune. The men are brothers, living in a little modest home, not discontent, but oftentimes marveling at fate's idiosyncracies. If their letter had not been delayed, they would have owned the stock of the company, then rated at less than the cost of their smallest branch office! Their word arrived after the time limit which had been given them, and an offer less advantageous to the little pioneer company was signed in disgust!

Almost anybody can tell of "the great opportunity" which he missed. But what are we to say to a situation like this:

A young man, we will call him Bascom, was working for a large advertising agency, when one rainy day he conceived an idea. The storm had come up suddenly; people had left their homes when the sun was shining. A few careful beings had prepared for such an emergency by keeping an umbrella in the office; but most of them were desperate. Some of the girls wanted to keep appointments for supper and theater; their clothes would be ruined. Taxicabs were beyond the reach of the office folk. In desperation some wrapped themselves in newspapers, others made manila paper awnings, which they carried over their heads.

Bascom decided that the troubles of his office associates, which was the replica of

every other office in creation when it rained, offered an opportunity to create a relief and incidentally a million or more. He would make an emergency umbrella, to sell for 10 or 15 cents, guaranteed good for one severe storm. He decided to imitate the Japanese parasol. Made of light wood, the frame would cost very little for material, and with a covering of rubberized or oiled paper (of which he found samples in Japan) the cost of production outside of labor would be only 3 cents.

He had figures on the paper, and the wood, and the little fixtures which went with it. Of course he figured in millions and millions of sales and found that the cost was a mere trifle on each individual umbrella. Then came the question of labor. American factory prices for cutting, gluing and packing brought the price within the 10 cents, but didn't leave enough room for profit on that scale. Then it became a matter of 15 cents retail price, or cutting the labor costs. Back to Japan—and a deal with the Japanese was found so advantageous, that the paper, wood and fixtures could be bought and assembled and shipped for such a price that the umbrella could be brought to America and distributed through jobbers and retailers to the public at 10 cents—leaving plenty of room for advertising.

Then he laid out an advertising and merchandizing plan, for the Emergency Umbrella would have to be easy to buy. Purchasing stations were to be so conveniently placed that people could laugh at the rain and get out of the wet for a dime. At least the umbrella would cover them to the car lines, and from the cars to their homes. With every contract and exclusive selling arrangement would go a great red banner—which was to carry the words Emergency Umbrella Station, to be hung out whenever rain came up. The dealer would make 2 cents on every umbrella—the sales were sure repeaters.

Bascom made drawings of his umbrella, and sent them to the Patent Office. He worked out a lengthy prospectus of his scheme, wrote the advertisements, drew the banner, and showed the approximate earnings of his company. In New York City alone, there would be at least 5,000 stations (each block was to have its station), each station purchasing at once from a dozen to 100 umbrellas. Assuming there would be only a small purchase, he had 500,000 sold at once in New York City.

But cut this in half, said Bascom, and make it 250,000, and figure $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents profit—and you have \$3,750 profit in New York City every time it rains. But, of course, this is ridiculously low, for in New York City, it is safe to assume, 10 per cent. of the 5,000,000 persons will protect themselves; this would bring New York City to \$9,000 a day profits on umbrellas. Advertising and selling would need to be de-

ducted. But this would be a case, argued Bascom, where the first advertising would be practically all there would be to it—opening the stations; the rain would take care of the rest. He then showed what Europe and South America and Australia and the Orient could buy!

Bascom started to work out his organization. To-day the Emergency Umbrella is another \$1,000,000 idea which never materialized.

YEARs ago a boy of fifteen went to a friend, the head of a concern which sold sponges and chamois. He said to the old gentleman:

"Why not put your sponges in boxes? The sponge is the most absorbent thing in the world, isn't it? Well, the way it is now sponges are dumped into the druggist's box, wide open, to be mauled and handled by everybody. The dirt and dust and germs from the hands of the maulers and handlers are sucked up by the sponge. To be sure, the sponge is soaked in water, but who is to say the contamination is squeezed out. There is another reason. They put biscuits in boxes, and the box idea is the big scheme to-day—so my grocer friend tells me. 'You could put the sponge in a box, seal it, keep it clean, put the price on the different sizes and qualities, and put your guarantee on it. On the side of the box you could put some isinglass, so that the sponge could be seen.'"

The old gentleman who had risen from a sponge diver to one of the big figures in his industry, laughed. But one of his sons met the boy with the idea and seemed to grasp its meaning. Around the boxed sponge idea gradually grew a new corporation, heavily capitalized. During preparations for the big merchandizing plan,

(Continued on page 897)



Emergency umbrellas for every one at ten cents each!



\$1000 for Smiling Faces!

LEARN how you can make each one of these smiling faces count as a point in the famous **\$1,000 for Smiling Faces** Contest. Read the rules on this page.

This is one of the most fascinating and joyous contests you ever heard of. It is open to all, whether you are a regular reader of this magazine or not. Every one may compete—and you can begin any time.

Someone is going to win the first prize of **\$500** and there are **thirteen** other cash prizes from **\$250** down to **\$10**.

This contest is a part of the national morale building campaign **JUDGE** is conducting to help spread the doctrine of a cheerful spirit and a smile. It will culminate in

JUDGE'S National Smile Week, February 5th to 12th, 1922

HERE ARE THE EASY RULES OF THE CONTEST:

1. Each smiling face clipped from any magazine or newspaper advertisement will count as a point in **JUDGE'S National Smile Week Contest**. To the persons who send the largest number of smiling faces clipped from any magazine or newspaper advertisement published on or before midnight, February 12th, the following cash prizes will be given:
 For the largest number - - - \$500.00
 For the second largest number - 250.00
 For the third - - - 100.00
 For the fourth - - - 50.00
 For the next ten, each - - - 10.00
2. Clippings made from now on, from any newspaper or magazine advertisement either current or back numbers (no more than five points will be allowed from any one advertisement) may be entered. The same advertisement in the same magazine or newspaper may be used but once by any competitor.
3. Clippings must be mailed on or before midnight of February 13th, 1922, when the contest closes. Don't send any clippings until you send them all.
4. This contest is open to you whether you are a subscriber to **JUDGE** or not. It is not necessary that you buy the magazine in order to enter the contest.
5. Employees, or members of the families of the employees of the **Leslie-Judge Company** are barred from this contest.
6. Checks will be mailed to the winners as soon as the winners are determined.
7. In the event of ties, prizes identical in character with that offered will be given to each of those so tying.
8. The names of the winners will be published in a number of **JUDGE** issued during April, 1922.
9. Address all clippings, with the total number of faces indicated on each package, to "Chairman, **JUDGE'S National Smile Week Committee**," 627 West 43d Street, New York City. Clippings will not be returned. All inquiries regarding this contest should be addressed to the Chairman, accompanied by a stamp for reply.

Here is what a few of the many prominent men all over the United States say about JUDGE'S National Smile Week, February 5th to 12th, 1922

United States Senator William H. King, of Utah:

"It is a valuable thing to make people think and at the same time to make them smile. **JUDGE** does both."

Congressman Walter W. Magee, New York:

"I most heartily enjoy your spirit. What is the use of talking about hard times when every city in the country has much difficulty in finding sufficient parking space for automobiles? Forget it and go to work."

Henry W. Kiel, Mayor of St. Louis:

"There has been a complete reversal of form in this municipality within the last ten years, and I attribute it largely to the art of smiling."

H. J. Porter of the Timken Roller Bearing Co., Canton, Ohio:

"We are getting closer each day to the time when we must provide smiles and good cheer for those of our fellowmen who work with their hands and feet only. The smile will save not only them, but us."

J. H. Tregoe, Secretary-Treasurer, National Association of Credit Men:

"The country has had a bad case of nerves. Gloom has pervaded its atmosphere. It seems so strange after the jazz period of the post-war days that they should have ever come to a halt and matters brought to a stage where everything has seemed to go wrong. The remedy is to smile, smile and smile again."

David Black, Treasurer of Page & Shaw, Boston:

"**JUDGE** has started a fine idea with the **NATIONAL SMILE WEEK**."

President A. F. Huston, of the Lukens Steel Company, Coatesville, Pa.:

"It is an old saying that the worst things which we fear never happen, and I think it very true. It is wise to look on the bright side of life even though we may have liver trouble, and I enjoy reading **JUDGE** whenever I can get it."

Forest J. Alvin, General Manager of United States Motor Truck Company, Cincinnati, Ohio:

"I am thoroughly in accord with this."



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LESLIE'S INVESTMENT BUREAU

Conducted by THEODORE WILLIAMS

Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY are entitled to answers to inquiries on financial questions, and in emergencies to answer by telegraph. No charge is made for this service. All communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed. Address all inquiries to the Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 West 43d St., New York, giving full name and exact street address. Anonymous communications will in no case be answered.

THE ALLIES' DEBTS TO THIS COUNTRY

INCIDENTAL to the Armament Conference there has been much hinting that it should consider, and in some way arrange for, the Allies' debts to the United States. There is an eager desire in Europe to have this country cancel those debts or reduce them, as its just contribution to the cost of saving civilization. The proposal that this be done is often bluntly put forward in the foreign press and also by individuals of consequence abroad. Apparently these spokesmen regard repayment of the loans in something of the same light as Germany does her reparation payments. The domestic burdens of the war-worn countries are so heavy that the thought of fulfilling a tremendous obligation to the American Government, even in the far future, dismays and discourages them.

But there is a signal difference between their plight and that of Germany. The latter has been pressed by implacable creditors, while Uncle Sam has exerted no pressure and has not even urged his debtors to make good. He is no Shylock who would cut out a pound of flesh from near the heart of any nation. His leniency has been unreserved. There has been no attempt by him to recover interest, much less any portion of the principal. Uncle Sam is affording those who owe him every chance, and all the time they seem to need, to wipe out the score. It is true that he could not collect his dues except by process of force and he might find that costly and the loot inadequate. But he has no disposition to do anything of that sort. He has a genuine sympathy for the impoverished peoples and is willing to grant them all consideration. If the debts can be paid with a reasonable amount of effort he would like to have his money back, but he would rather lose it, severely as that might affect him, than to pluck rags from beggared humanity in order to get it.

Americans in general have no wish to prod Europe into bankruptcy and despair. The Allied debtors are not going to be harassed and driven and crushed. They are to be allowed full opportunity to prove or disprove ability to meet their debts in whole or in part. If they positively cannot pay there will be no help for it; they must go scot free. But it will be extremely unmanful and cowardly on their part to make no earnest endeavor towards payment. The funds that they

received were borrowed with promise of return; they were not gifts; they are debts of honor. This country, rich as it is, was not then in a position to give away \$10,000,000,000. It was making colossal expenditures on its own account in a hurried outfitting for active war. Those loans admittedly were a potent factor in saving the Allies from destruction. But for American cash and an American Army, France, Italy and Great Britain would to-day be annexes to the German empire. The Allies should certainly cherish a certain amount of gratitude to the United States and strive to restore some of the lent dollars. It is the fashion to say that our participation in the conflict saved ourselves as well as others, but had Germany won in Europe it is very doubtful if in a quarter of a century she would have been able to attack us. Her conquered domains would have cut out for her all the work she could do to preserve peace and order. And whenever she might come on we could effectively defend ourselves. We would not be destroyed nor vanquished.

On general ethical principles, therefore, the Allies should pay their World War debts to us. At present these are not causing them any practical trouble. They are to all intents and purposes for the time being ignored. They do not affect exchange or demoralize commerce. They are as if they were not, and so probably they will remain for some time to come. Nevertheless, the day is approaching when, after regaining their prosperity, a determined effort to begin payment should be made by the indebted powers. If they fail in that respect they will have broken faith and will have discredited themselves before the world. Only utter inability to pay should absolve them. Cancellation or reduction of the debts should be based on dire necessity and not on mere sentiment. Better that the Allies turn that \$10,000,000,000, or a share of it, over to this Government than to use it for equipping themselves for future exhausting wars.

Answers to Inquiries

2., New York: The Cities Service issues are pretty well regarded, though the dividends on common and preferred are at present being paid in scrip instead of cash. That was only a temporary measure due to falling off of earnings, caused by decline in the price of oil. With the advance in oil, profits of the corporation are increasing and there is talk of resumption of cash dividends. American Tel. & Tel. stock has had a consider-

The Copper Stocks

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able advance lately, which to some extent discounts its speculative possibilities. It is a sterling issue, however, and even at present price you would not go amiss in putting \$5,000 into it for yourself. But for a widow, a better purchase would be some of the bonds of the company, which are rated high and which make a liberal yield on market price.

C. GARY, IND.: I would not advise anybody, especially a woman, to risk paid-for stock as collateral in buying other securities on a margin. Middle States Oil, American Woolen and Great Northern pfd. have merit in themselves, but it would be safer for you to buy them outright and not to endanger your General Motors common.

R. DRESSER JUNCTION, WIS.: The affairs of the American Motors Corp. are apparently in so bad a way that the only hope of saving any part of your investment is to support the proposition of the stockholders' protective committee and enter into the reorganization plan. Of course, the new scheme will be speculative, but seemingly it will have less of a burden to carry than the old corporation, and therefore will have a better chance to make good.

G. MERIDEN, CONN.: Both American Sugar Refining pfd. and Liggett's International, Limited, 8 per cent. pfd. are issues of merit and it would be wiser to hold your shares than to sell at a loss. A day of improving values has dawned in the stock market, and if you will have patience you will be able to obtain higher prices for your holdings than you could to-day.

J. LOWELL, MASS.: While I have had no description of the Almadura Apartment Structure at Memphis, Tenn., the fact that its bonds are offered by G. L. Miller & Co., of Atlanta, Ga., is an assurance of their soundness.

C. BOSTON, MASS.: The Shaffer Oil & Refining Co. is a going concern. Nobody at this time should get the shivers and sell dividend payers at a loss, for better times are coming.

D. KIEL, WIS.: I certainly consider bonds the safest investment for your \$1,000. All first-class bonds are well secured and desirable. Municipal bonds issued by towns that are in good financial condition are among the safest securities, as are first mortgage real estate bonds. Municipal bonds are exempt from taxation.

H. HOLYOKE, MASS.: The American Bosch Magneto Corp. is engaged in litigation, and its earnings have considerably declined. Therefore, it does not appear that the payment of dividends will be resumed in the near future.

B. SANDUSKY, OHIO: I don't consider it advisable to buy Sweets of America. The company is not strong financially and is not a dividend payer.

S. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.: The Radio Corporation of America probably has a future. Big organizations are interested in it and plans for extensive business are being carried out. It will, however, require time to develop the company to the dividend paying stage. Both its common and preferred stocks are quoted at about \$4 per share. It seems, therefore, hardly advisable for you to pay \$8 per share.

K. MAHONEY CITY, PA.: It does not seem wise to sell Midvale Steel at present and at a loss. It is possible that improvement in business generally will cause the prices of securities to rise. Midvale ought to have a future, but it may be some time before dividends are resumed. The stock advanced on rumors that Midvale would enter a great new merger. Libby, McNeill & Libby stock is now in the speculative class. Dividends have been suspended. Swift & Co. and Swift International are good business men's purchases.

J. BOISE, IDA.: The Kansas & Gulf Co. has large holdings, a fair-sized surplus, and has been paying 3 per cent. quarterly on par (\$10), or at the rate of \$1.30 per year. The stock looks like a fair business man's purchase.

C. ESCANABA, MICH.: The Central Steel Co. is paying liberal dividends, and therefore its 8 per cent. bonds look like an excellent investment. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. 8s appear reasonably safe, but they are not yet a conservative investment. The company's prospects are improving under the new management, and doubtless interest can be paid on the bonds.

K. STRATFORD, N. Y.: My preferences in your list of stocks would be, in this order: Railway Steel Spring, paying 8 per cent., American Locomotive 6 per cent., Baldwin Locomotive 7 per cent., Pressed Steel Car and New York Air Brake have stopped paying dividends, and though the stocks may some day come back, they are at present in the speculative class. I would by no means exchange Pennsylvania R.R. stock for Air Brake.

M. PHILADELPHIA, PA.: I would not advise a man with only \$400 to put it into Boston & Montana copper stock. The company has been for years developing its property and now is said to be in a good position to get out ore and mill it. But, so far, it has not earned dividends and until it does the stock will be only speculative. It would be safer to buy Middle States Oil, paying \$1.30 a year, or Miami Copper, paying 8s. Better still would be the purchase of a good bond or preferred stock making a substantial return. You might consider New York Central deb. 6s, or Kansas City Southern Railway pfd.

B. WAYNETOWN, IND.: The Charcoal Iron Co. of America 8 per cent. bonds are reasonably safe, though no dividends have been paid on the stocks since 1919. It would be safer to buy Great Northern Railroad 7s. A working man should seek the safest securities. It would seem safe to put your \$500 in Penna. Ohio Power & Light Co. 8s. Penna.-Ohio's detailed statement of earnings is not at hand, but it is paying 8 per cent. dividends on pfd.

H. HUNTERVILLE, ALA.: The Alabama Power Company's net earnings in 1920 showed a considerable increase over those of 1919, so that its preferred stock appears attractive.

B. DAVENPORT, IA.: I would not advise any of my readers at this time to buy Willys-Overland stock. Conditions in the automobile industry have not been thoroughly readjusted, and it would be better to wait until the Willys-Overland Co. has shown ability to earn dividends once more.

M. CRESTLINE, OHIO: Oil bonds are usually not so safe as industrial or railway bonds. United Oil Producers 8s are issued by a subsidiary of the successful

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Middle States Oil Corp. and have merit. The participating feature lately assured return of 30 per cent., which may not prove permanent, but which tended to cause the bonds to appreciate.

F., CAMP KNOX, KY.: The Duesenberg Automobile & Motors Co. has not yet declared any dividend and in this time of depression the outlook for a return on its stock is not bright. Better to buy the shares of a dividend paying company.

F., LAKE ODessa, MICH.: Mexican Government 4s are still very speculative, although there is a possibility that the Mexican Government will settle down to conservative administration and will pay interest on the company's bonds. Any German bonds are at this time regarded as more or less a gamble, for the conditions in Germany have lately been getting worse.

D., MASON TOWN, PA.: The sale of U. S. Steel common, paying 5 per cent., and buying Otis Elevator pfd., paying 6 per cent., would be a good exchange, the prices of the two stocks being so little apart. The advance in Otis Elevator common was probably stimulated by the reported increase in earnings. The common has sold this year as high as 148. The next dividend on the stock will be due January 15.

F., DUBLIN, GA.: National Conduit & Cable is in receivers' hands, being unable to pay interest on bonds. A foreclosure suit has been begun against the company. The stock is a very poor gamble at present, as the company may have to be reorganized. The company manufactures wire cable, copper and brass wire, brass and copper tubing, rods and sheets.

L., EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.: Noco Petroleum has been paying dividends at the rate of \$1.20 per year on common and 80 cents on preferred. It has large earnings, a good surplus, and working capital, and is expanding.

R., WINTON, W. VA.: The future of any new organization, theatrical or other, is necessarily uncertain. The stock is a speculation. It is safer to defer purchasing until the enterprise can pay dividends. Theatrical and moving picture concerns are especially risky.

B., KALAMAZOO, MICH.: Towar Cotton Mills, Inc., has been paying its 7 per cent. preferred dividend, but nothing on common. Its surplus is trifling. The 8 per cent. notes may be safe, but the bonds or notes of a company stronger financially would be preferable.

S., CHICAGO, ILL.: The American Drug Syndicate suffered a heavy loss on inventories. The action of the stock indicates a lack of profit. It might be a good plan to dispose of your shares and invest in dividend payers.

D., LYNCHBURG, VA.: C. & O. R. R. con. 5s are not strictly gilt-edged, but are reasonably safe. They are secured by pledge of first lien and improvement bonds, which latter are secured to some extent by first liens, but mainly by collateral. Among gilt-edged preferred stocks are Standard Oil of N. J. pfd. and U. S. Steel pfd. Bonds that come up to your requirements are U. S. Rubber 1st and ref. 5s, N. Y. Central 7s, Northern Pacific-Grand Northern 6 1/2s. Real estate mortgages that may be

bought with confidence are the Miller bonds, dealt in by G. L. Miller & Co. of Atlanta, Ga., and Investors Bonds, by the Investors Company, Chicago.
New York, December 24, 1921

Free Booklets for Investors

With the price of the metal growing firmer, copper stocks have lately shown a disposition to advance. The upward tendency is not believed to have been exhausted, and there may be further opportunities for profit in purchasing the best issues. As a help to present or prospective holders, Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York, have compiled data on the present market position and the probable future price trend of nine prominent copper stocks. These comprise Anaconda, American Smelting & Refining, Cerro de Pasco, Inspiration, Miami, Nevada Con., Ray Con., Seneca and Utah. Those who wish for this helpful information can get it by asking Clarkson & Co. for circular LW-80.

With twelve or twenty-four months' time in which to pay, almost any investor of small means can easily purchase high-grade securities. This is a chance offered by the Liberty Plan of Partial Payments, instituted by the Russell Securities Corp., 25 Broadway, New York. Any stock or bond selling at over 85 can be bought in this way. For details write to the corporation for its booklet B-88.

Mortgages on Montana farms paying 8 per cent. are well regarded and are obtainable of the First National Bank, Plentywood, Mont., a member of the Federal Reserve system. The bank has such mortgages in amounts of \$1,000 to \$3,500, and it will send its booklet No. 1, list of loans and real estate bonds in denomination of \$100 to any applicant. The bank will furnish references on request.

By reading the weekly *Bache Review* not a few investors and business men have been greatly aided toward success. It is a sterling publication. Copies free on application to J. S. Bache & Co., members New York Stock Exchange, 43 Broadway, New York.

Puts and calls guaranteed by members of the New York Stock Exchange, and perfectly reliable, are offered by S. H. Wilcox & Co., 233 Broadway, New York. The firm will mail its descriptive circular L to any address.

G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., 128 Hurt Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., have issued a delightful story showing the good results of judicious investment of monthly small sums in securities of worth. It tells how a woman retrieved the family fortune by purchase of bonds paying 8 per cent. interest. These are the Miller First Mortgage bonds, available to all investors who have a certain amount of money coming in regularly. One can begin their purchase with as little as \$10 a month. The securities are in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000 and may be had on the partial payment plan. Full particulars may be obtained by writing to Miller & Co. for the story above mentioned, "When Lucy Farrar's Ship Came In," and the booklet "Selecting Your Investments."

Motor Department (Concluded from page 888)

have been retreated and made to appear brand new. The actual cost of a popular size selling in the better known brands for, say, \$30, may be but \$8, assuming that the worn out carcasses can be had for next to nothing. Such a tire can be guaranteed for 5,000 or 6,000 miles and sold for \$24—or 20 per cent. less than the standard tire of the same size. Such a tire may give 5,000 miles of service if used on the front wheels. It certainly will not give the 12,000 to 30,000 miles that other reputable tires surely give under such easy conditions of service.

Assuming that it lasts 4,000 miles, however, the customer returns it to the dealer to obtain his "adjustment" on a 6,000-mile basis. If the dealer cannot prove to the customer that the failure is his own fault, he will readily agree to "give" the customer a new tire—at two-thirds the price (inasmuch as the old tire ran two-thirds of its distance). Thus the customer is forced to invest \$16 in a second tire of this unsatisfactory make which

has cost the manufacturer or dealer but \$8. And so we find that the unsuspecting automobile owner has invested \$40 in two of these "Good Luck" tires which have cost the dealer or manufacturer but \$16, and he is still committed to further purchases of this same brand of tire if he would protect his original investment by taking advantage of the adjustment which can be obtained only by succeeding purchases of "Good Luck" tires. He will thus have paid \$40 for two tires which, under the best of conditions, would scarcely serve to give him 8,000 or 9,000 miles combined, whereas for \$30 he could have purchased one tire from a reputable manufacturer which, under these same favorable conditions, would surely have delivered from 10,000 to 15,000 miles.

When the facts are fully understood, is it any wonder that the tire consumer will look forward to the era of clean tire sales with no mileage guarantees as eagerly and anxiously as do manufacturers and dealers?

Christmas Longing

By R. R. GREENWOOD

THE snow-clad, winter hills are calling me

Across each weary mile of whitening waste
To where the homestead nestles by the sea,
Beneath the hemlock branches, interlaced.
With aching, homesick heart I sense afar
The cheer of Christmastide and every joy
That gladdened childhood's days when
naught could mar
The happiness that thrilled each girl and boy.

I see the well-loved faces wreathed in smiles,

That graced with festive warmth the holiday.

And ah! My heart is plodding o'er the miles

That cannot numb the spirit's eager play.

Oh, for one golden moment's sweet surcease—

One day of long lost joys and home-born peace!

Million Dollar Bubbles That Burst

(Concluded from page 892)

in which it became quite obvious that the new idea would monopolize the industry, the head of the firm died. His will became the subject of disputes; the old established firm fell to rack and ruin. Of course, in the ruin the \$1,000,000 sponge scheme was buried.

From sponges to perfumes is not such a jump; let us examine a plan which threatened to monopolize the perfume of the world. An office man in a cosmetic house brought this idea before his chief:

"Why not the individual perfume? I have here a box beautifully designed. It is to remain on madame's dressing table. Here are seven thin cut glass tubes, to contain seven essential essences. Here is a dropper and here is the mixing bottle. Madame experiments with the seven essences and mixes them into a combination which becomes her own. She has the secret of the final result. She alone can present the strange exotic fragrance which becomes for the world herself."

"Hell," said the head of the company, "we've enough trouble. Forget it. Let's stick to business." The young man forgot it. The idea died at birth.

And how about Williamson's skycycle? This man planned to make an adaptation of the aeroplane, the seaplane and the bicycle. For, argued Williamson, if it were possible to make a ship ride on the air, why would it not be good business to make something which would put sky transportation within everybody's reach? He studied aeronautics and discovered the practical possibility of making a small device which would serve to lift a weight off of the ground. He did not actually succeed in making his skycycle, for he was not a scientist and had never produced a successful invention. But he saw that logic was with him, as any scientist examining the situation must admit.

And I cannot say that to me the skycycle sounds nearly as ridiculous as the aeroplane probably did to my grandfather, or the steamboat to my great grandfather.

Some years ago as I watched families who owned player-pianos, sitting at the instruments pumping and peddling for all they were worth, I wondered how much they knew of what they were doing. The music meant little if anything to them. So I began what has since become an international practice of mine—illustrating and explaining the meanings in music, painting, sculpture. At that time I was closely associated with a prominent manufacturer of instruments and player-rolls. I thought I could adapt my lecture plans to the commercial rolls. So I engaged an artist to paint on the music roll, illustrations which interpreted the mood of the music at psychological moments, much in the same manner as illustrations now brighten the story book and magazine.

I offered the idea to the company with whom I was connected. It was turned down. I patented the idea. And about a year ago (nine years after the birth of the idea) the original company's biggest competitor bought the patent for a large amount of money.

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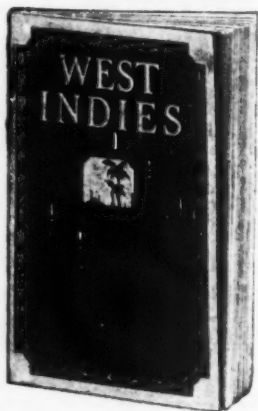
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The World War Is Still Going On

(Concluded from page 870)

on a mountain side, and plunge into Germany. Opportunities and reasons will never be wanting. However the matter be pondered, there is no other apparent outcome to the European situation, if that situation be left to itself. Collapse in France, or invasion of Germany.

And either of these would be the finish of Europe. Collapse in France would give the final shove to the tottering fabric of the social order in Europe. And who could guess the formidable consequences of the invasion of Germany? The French and Belgians would have no trouble getting in. Their trouble would come in getting out.

In these desperate conditions it is puerile to expect any help from Washington. What do the delegates of the Entente represent at Mr. Harding's Conference, except the ideas of the Entente's ministries, which have no ideas at all and no brains to devise any? And public opinion in Europe is helpless. Either the peoples do not know what they want, or they want the most contradictory things.

Nevertheless, one surpassing good might still come out of the Washington Conference, if the representatives of the European Powers could be brought finally to consider the state of Europe seriously and sincerely—to confess the errors, the illusions, the extravagances

which blasted the hopes of the World at the Conference at Paris; to come down from the clouds of fraudulent mystification and honest self-deception in which all our governments are dwelling, and lead the peoples back to sound notions of realities.

Until our leaders and those who follow them decide to take these first steps, there is no hope of better things in Europe. The Germanic empires fell because they brought on the war. The Western democracies are falling because they have been unable to make peace. The European state, once arbitrarily defined as liberal and democratic, but which should rather be called centralizing, bureaucratic, parliamentary, nationalistic and militaristic, is floundering about in the disorder resulting from an insecure peace full of inconsistencies. There is little to be gained by listening to the tardy advice which politicians out of power are shrieking from their enforced retirements. But at Washington, Europe may come into contact with the Orient. And Asia, with its ancient wisdom, its traditional moderation, its inherited good-sense may be able to teach a salutary lesson to this old and decrepit Europe of sophists and rhetoricians, this Europe so impotent and so much of a bully, this Europe so proud of its culture, so wholly sunk in folly.

Winter Sports Among the Mountains

(Concluded from page 875)

sports are to be conducted in the park this year on a larger scale than before, and as soon as the snow begins to fly the Denver enthusiasts get out their skis and "grease 'em up."

The slopes of our great northwestern volcanoes are ideal winter playgrounds which the people of Oregon and Washington are fortunate in possessing. There are the Mazamas of Portland, oldest of all the Western mountaineering organizations, having a schedule of local walks and holiday excursions which offer much to the city dweller. In winter they visit Government Camp at 4,000 feet on the south side of Mount Hood and the Mount Hood Lodge at 3,000 feet on the north side. The Trails Club of Oregon, also of Portland, builds trails over the hills and has a cabin on the summit of Larch Mountain. More especially does the Mount Hood Snowshoe Club offer the finest sport in January and February at its clubhouse on the mountain. They have several ski courses which provide for a variety of snow conditions.

The Mount Rainier National Park is a winter paradise which all may enjoy as the National Park Inn at Longmire Springs is now open the year around. Just before New Year's the mountaineers of Seattle and Tacoma gather here and snowshoe or ski up to snow-buried Paradise Inn, where they hold festive program. Often a winter party will ascend to McClure rocks, or even press on to the stone hut at Camp Muir at 10,000 feet on the southern slope of Mount Rainier, which is 14,408 feet in height. Others wander across the buried flower fields of Indian Henry's, where the snow-hung firs

tower against the deep blue sky, and one must protect himself with colored glasses from the dazzling whiteness on every hand. Indescribable are the rosy alpen glows and the moonlit nights, while ever the eyes are drawn upward to the great, white, heavenly heights of Rainier. The mountaineers also find good snowshoeing at their Snoqualmie Lodge in the Cascade Range.

Going still northward one may find winter sports in February at Banff in the Canadian Rockies. Here are famous hot springs as well, and one may plunge from the snow into as warm a bath as he desires. Around the little town the mountains rise protectingly, offering rest and renewal of life to those who steal away from the cares of the world. In eastern Canada the Winter Carnival at Montreal has long been famous and the skiers of McGill College are often met at intercollegiate sports.

California is often thought of as the land of winter sunshine, but in a State so vast there are hundreds of miles among the mountains where snow and ice are king for many months. Yosemite Valley is now open all the year, and here, in winter, one will find exercise and enjoyment amid some of the grandest natural scenery that nature has to offer. The Sierra Club of San Francisco and Los Angeles, with about 3,000 members, has many wonderful walks and outings, with a trip to the snows of the Sierra near Lake Tahoe or at Mount Shasta over Washington's Birthday. The vigorous Southern Section of the club will seek the snows this winter at Oak Glen Ranch, near Redlands.

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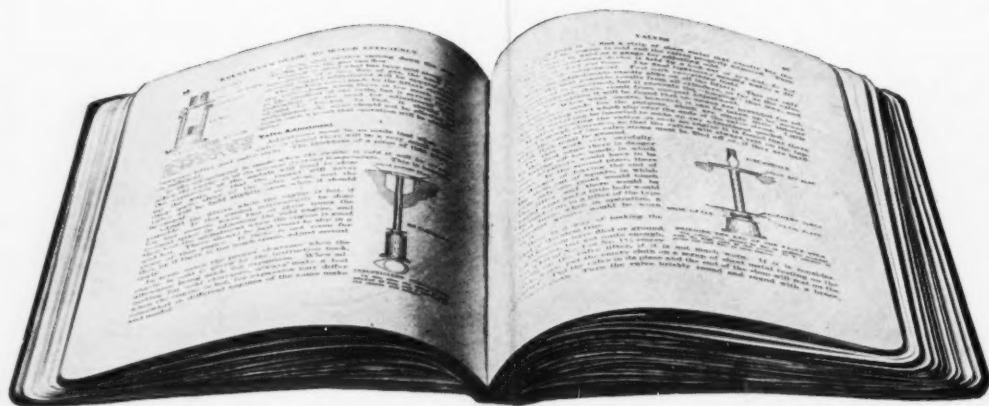
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